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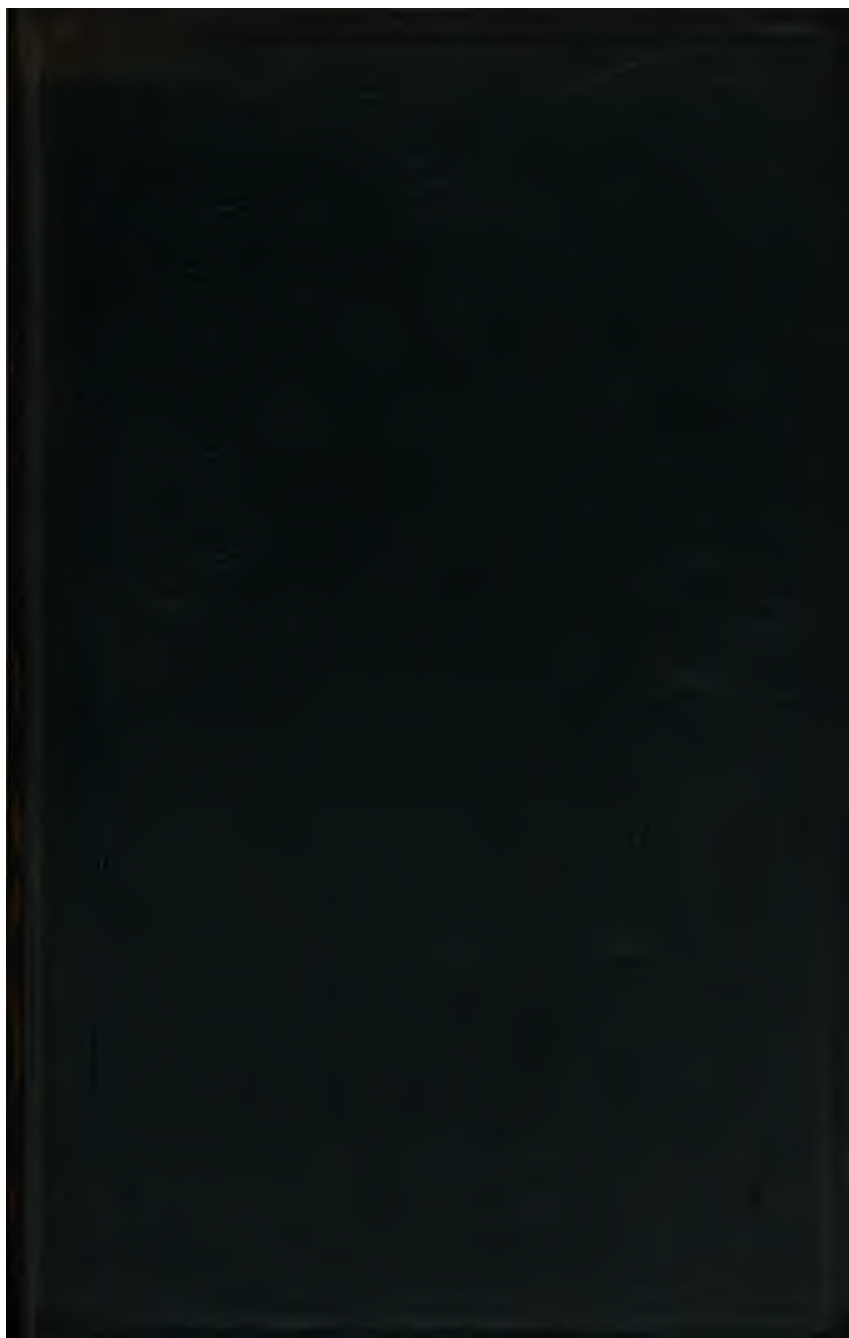
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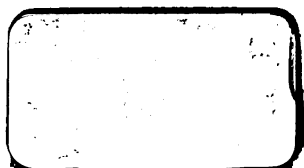
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KNOX'S POEMS.

THE
LONELY HEARTH,
THE SONGS OF ISRAEL,
HARP OF ZION,

AND

Other Poems.



BY

WILLIAM KNOX.

LONDON:
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1847.

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A

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM KNOX.

IN presenting to the public this edition of the collected poetical works of William Knox, it has been suggested that a short biographical memoir of the author should be prefixed to the volume. The materials for this are somewhat scanty, but, such as they are, the narrative may perhaps gratify the curiosity of the reader, and not prove altogether uninteresting. The poems are now published as they were left by the author, and none of them have been suppressed, even by "the pious frauds of friendship."

WILLIAM KNOX was born at Firth, a small estate in the parish of Lilliesleaf and county of Roxburgh, on the 17th of August 1789. His father, Thomas Knox, who was for many years an extensive agricultural and pastoral farmer in the shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk, married Barbara, eldest daughter of Walter Turnbull, Esq. of Firth. William, the eldest of the family, which consisted of three sons and three daugh-

ters, commenced his education at the parish school of Lilliesleaf, in the sixth year of his age, under the tuition of a Mr Stewart, and afterwards prosecuted it with Mr Geo. Scott, Mr Stewart's successor, a man of considerable learning, and of respectable poetical talent. Young Knox continued at this school until about his fifteenth year, by which time he had not only become a good English scholar, but had also acquired a considerable knowledge of Latin. Although apparently not more studious than the other boys who attended the school, yet, from his natural aptitude for learning, he displayed, at an early period of life, an eminent superiority over his class-fellows. His school tasks never cost him much trouble. Possessed as he was of high intellectual endowments—of a mind keen, active, and susceptible of deep impressions—gifted with powers of acute observation and steady attention, knowledge was acquired without much labour or research; while at the same time he was endowed with a peculiarly retentive memory, which, though not always, is very frequently the accompaniment of genius.

On leaving the parish school he was sent to the grammar school at Musselburgh, where, however, he remained only twelve months, during which time he continued to make satisfactory progress in the various branches of education taught in that seminary. After this he was placed in a writer's office for a few months; but it is not known what progress he made in a knowledge of law, or, indeed, whether he took any interest in its dry details. It may, however, be readily supposed that this could not

be great, as he knew that he had not been placed at the desk in order to qualify himself to prosecute that study as a profession, but that this course had been adopted merely to give him a general knowledge of business. He was now called home to assist his father in the management of his farms.

Though William Knox, at an early age, had courted the muses, and had written a number of songs and other poetical pieces, humorous and satirical, "chiefly in the Scottish dialect," in his maturer years those effusions were destroyed, not being considered worthy of preservation; and all that now remains of them are only such portions as happen to be retained in the memory of those friends to whom he was accustomed to sing or recite them. It appears indeed that it was only after his return to Firth to assist his father that he regarded poetry as more than an amusement. He was now far enough advanced in life to be impressed with correct notions of the beauty and grandeur of nature; and, consequently, as his feelings expanded and his judgment improved, the poetical bent of his mind became more decided. Music, of which he had been passionately fond, and drawing, which he had cultivated a little, were now not only laid aside, but even the Scottish muse herself was deserted for the more elevated and refined walks of poetry.

Having procured a lease of the farm of Wrae, in the immediate vicinity of Langholm, he entered upon the occupation of it in 1812, and devoted his attention so steadily to husbandry, that he obtained the approbation of the intelligent agri-

culturists in the district, who still mention the subject of this memoir as a man well fitted to excel as a farmer. But Knox ere long discovered that the expenditure of a capital which he did not possess was necessary to render the farm sufficiently productive; and, after a struggle for some years, during which he gradually lost all hope of pursuing agriculture as a profession, he, by degrees, relaxed in his attention to the farm, while literature, and more especially poetry, engaged his earnest attention.

By this time Knox was deeply read in the British poets, both ancient and modern, with many of whose writings he was even critically acquainted. He had not only read and remembered much, but had accurately weighed the beauties and defects of the authors' works which he perused, and especially those of poetry and romance; and, had his life been longer spared, it is not unlikely that he would have attained great eminence in his favourite pursuit of poetry.

It was while occupying the farm of Wrae, in the lovely vale of Ewes, that he, through his love of romantic scenery, was induced to pay a visit to the Keswick Lakes. We do not know what impressions were made upon the mind of Knox by the poets of that district during this visit to those romantic regions, though it may be conjectured they were not very strong, since, if we may judge by his own compositions, he does not appear to have become a disciple of the "Lake School."

Knox left his farm in Dumfriesshire in 1817 with perhaps few regrets, except such as arose from parting with friends and a locality where

he was greatly esteemed. He had mingled much with the society of that district, and had made on his neighbours very favourable impressions, which have not yet faded away; for he is still remembered for his generosity as a man and for his worth as a friend. He was a frequent visitor in families both of his own and of a higher rank, and highly prized by all.

Not long previous to leaving the farm of Wrae, he composed the greater number of the pieces contained in his first work—"The Lonely Hearth and other Poems." He had by this time become a good critic, not only in poetry, but in other departments of English literature, and had exercised his talents in different styles of composition. Like most other young minds full of poetic enthusiasm, he frequently caught inspiration from the tone of the book which he happened to be perusing, and thus was often induced to attempt compositions after the author's manner. We believe that, about this time, he wrote a long poem, in the style of Campbell, entitled "The Influence of Love over the other Passions," and another, "The Father's Cottage," which were not published.

"The Lonely Hearth," &c., was printed at North Shields in 1818. This little volume can scarcely be said to have been *published*, for no pains were ever taken to bring it into notice. The author had gone on a visit to his brother-in-law, the late Rev. John Cochrane, Presbyterian minister at North Shields, and afterwards minister of the parish of Hawick, Roxburghshire, and there set about the publication of the work; but with the printing of

the volume the matter of publication in a great measure terminated.

About this period Knox was introduced to Sir Walter Scott. With Professor Wilson of Edinburgh he had been acquainted some years previously. Both of these extraordinarily gifted men had a high opinion of him as a man and as a poet. The estimation in which he was held by the "Author of Waverley," more especially, was evinced by the interest which that illustrious individual took in his welfare, and the friendship which he manifested towards him after his first introduction. The prepossessing modesty, fascinating conversational powers, and general literary information possessed by Knox, failed not, on further intercourse, to secure the hold upon the esteem of those distinguished men which he had already gained.

In the year 1820, Knox came to reside in Edinburgh; and from that period until shortly before his death, many small pieces from his pen, both in prose and in verse, appeared in various periodicals. He was a frequent contributor to the "Literary Gazette."

He was the author of a Christmas tale entitled "Marianne, or the Widower's Daughter," and also of "A Visit to Dublin."

About the beginning of the year 1823 he paid a visit to his brother, Walter, in Ireland, and there he remained for about twelve months. During his visit there he composed the "Songs of Israel," which were published a short time after his return to Edinburgh in 1824. His next and last publication was the "Harp of Zion," published in April 1825, and written only a few

months before its publication. In one of his letters, dated 18th August 1825, addressed to a friend, he mentions that he was in terms with a publisher "about a little novel which I wrote two years ago;" and he adds, "I have likewise a satirical poem in the hands of another bookseller,—this piece I wrote the week before last. It is in heroic rhyme, and within a few lines of the length of Byron's 'Bards and Reviewers'—it is called 'The Public.' In addition to these, I likewise intend to publish a volume of Songs, with the title of 'Lyrics of Scotland.'" None of these have been published.

It is related that the bookseller to whom he had entrusted the manuscript of "The Harp of Zion," having mislaid or lost it, Knox, upon being informed of the circumstance, sat down, and so powerful was his memory, that in two or three days he re-wrote the whole from recollection,—the only trouble it cost him being the manual labour.

Upon his compositions he scarcely ever made any alteration from the original copy, from the notion that the first draft was generally the best.

William Knox was seized with a paralytic attack, of which he died at Edinburgh, after three or four days' illness, in the thirty-seventh year of his age—a period of life fatal to Burns and Byron.

The following letter, addressed to Knox by the late Robert Southey, will shew in what light his compositions were regarded by that eminent poet and scholar.

KESWICK, 19th *August* 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Your little volume has been safely delivered to me by your friend Mr G. Macdonald, and I thank you for it. It has given me great pleasure. To paraphrase sacred poetry is the most difficult of all tasks, and it appears to me that you have been more successful in the attempt than any of your predecessors. You may probably have heard that the Bishop of Calcutta (before he was appointed to that see) was engaged in forming a collection of hymns and sacred pieces, with the hope of having them introduced into our English churches. Some of yours are so well adapted to that object that I will send out a copy of your book to him.

Deprivations such as you speak of are our portion here. I hope what have fallen to my lot have had their natural and proper effect in loosening the ties that bind us to this world. That effect affliction has produced upon you also; and I cannot but wish that talents and feelings such as yours were employed in the ministry of the gospel, where you would find your happiness in the performance of your duty—you are young enough to think of this.

Farewell, dear sir, and believe me yours with sincere respect,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE LONELY HEARTH,	3
The Wanderer,	9
My Sister,	11
The Departed Brother,	13
The Manse,	14
To an Infant,	17
Disappointment,	21
To a Violet,	22
The Father's Farewell,	23
The Visit,	25
The Family Tombstone,	30
The Daughter,	32
The Lament,	38
The Wooer's Visit,	38
The Stranger,	42
The Funeral,	43
The Neglected Churchyard,	46
Lines written at the Grave of a Young Lady,	48
The Bard's Grave,	48
The Widower,	55
The Motherless Lamb,	56
To a Lark Singing amid a Snow Shower,	58
To a Lady,	59
Mary,	60
The Suicide,	61
The Mountain Doves,	62
The Orphan,	64
A Father's Tears,	65
Ellen,	66
A Fragment,	69

	Page
SONGS OF ISRAEL,	71
Harp of Zion,	73
Omnipotence,	74
The Curse of Cain,	76
The Dead,	77
The Good Man,	78
Trust in God,	79
Solitude,	80
A Virtuous Woman,	81
The Fate of Man,	82
The Fall of Jericho,	83
Time,	85
Lament for Sarah,	86
The Rout of Jabin,	87
The Wicked Man,	88
Jephtha's Daughter,	90
Parents,	91
Ruth,	92
The Field of Gilboa,	93
Family Harmony,	94
Mortality,	95
The Triumph of David,	97
Bathsheba's Child,	98
"Praise the Lord,"	99
The Captives,	100
Ubiquity,	101
The Despondency of Job,	102
The Voice of the Lord,	104
The Flood,	105
"The Lord is my Shepherd,"	107
The King of Babylon,	108
The Israelites' Return,	110
To-Morrow,	111
The Doom of Jerusalem,	112
"All is Vanity,"	114
The Season of Youth,	115
The Age of the Righteous,	116
"Rachel Weeping,"	117

CONTENTS.

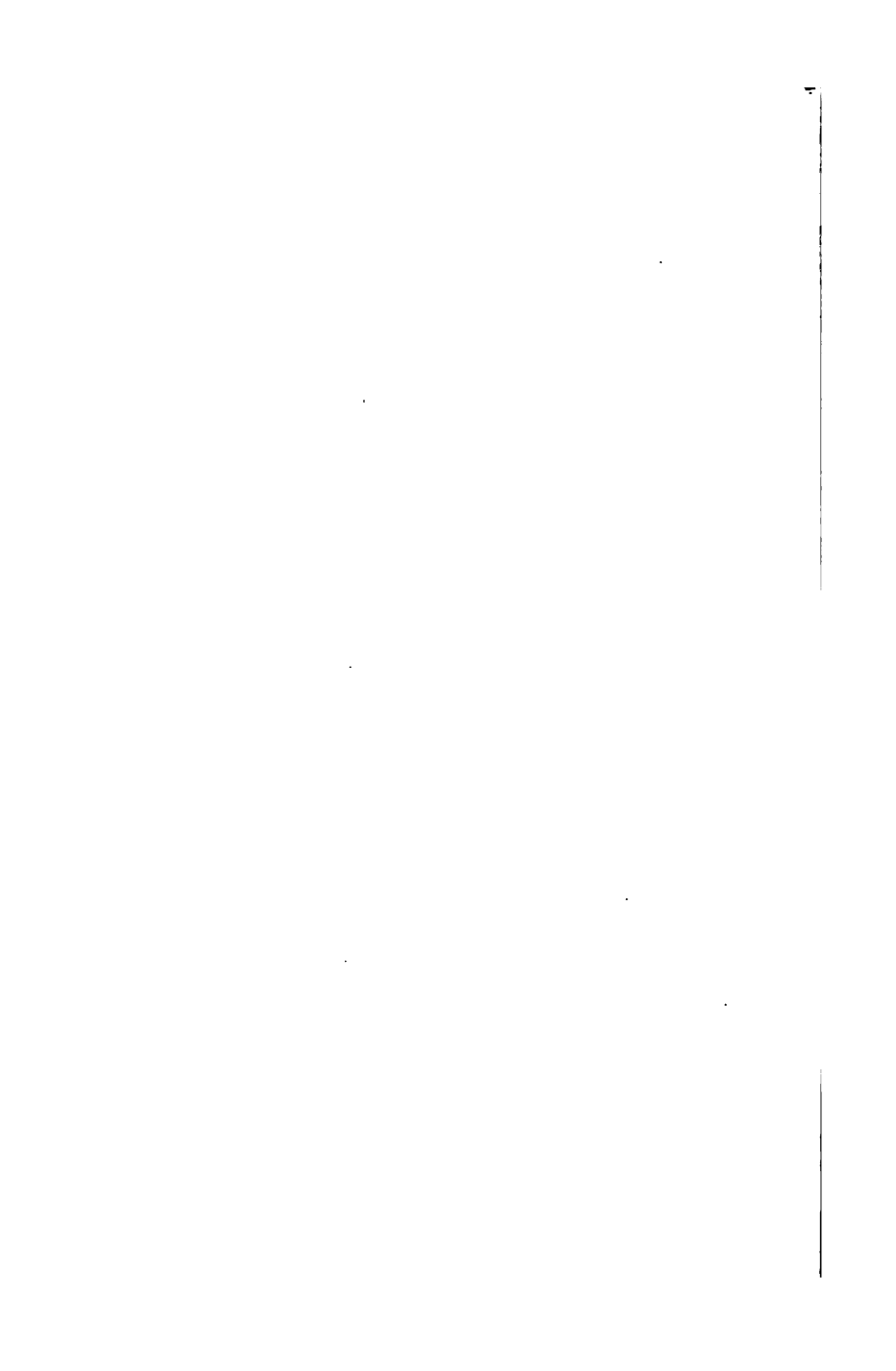
xv

	Page
The Poor,	118
Human Life,	119
The Close of the Year,	120
The Prince of Peace,	122
"The Days of Darkness,"	123
Life in Death,	125
Conclusion,	126
 THE HARP OF ZION,	 127
Introduction,	129
The Creation,	131
Song of Moses,	132
The Garden of Eden,	134
Death,	136
Morning Hymn,	137
Birth of Benjamin,	138
The Star of Jacob,	139
Remorse,	140
The War-Horse,	142
Evening Hymn,	142
Song of Deborah,	145
Doom of Man,	148
Hagar in the Wilderness,	149
Feast of Belshazzar,	150
The Infidel,	152
Burial of Abel,	154
Song of Hannah,	155
Vision of Eliphaz,	156
The Rainbow,	157
Self-Importance,	159
Destruction of Babylon,	160
Heavenly Wisdom,	162
Rizpah,	163
Saul and Jonathan,	164
Death-bed of Jacob,	166
The Descent of the Almighty,	167
The Mariners,	168
Absalom,	169

	Page
Early Piety,	170
The Overthrow of Og,	171
Dirge of Rachel,	173
Elijah in Horeb,	174
Morning in Judea,	176
The Exemplary Wife,	177
Dreams of the Past,	179
"Bless the Lord,"	180
Heaven,	181
Friendship,	182
Isaac and Rebekah,	184
Evening in Judea,	185
Nebuchadnezzar,	186
Charity,	188
Birth-day of Job,	189
The Drunkard,	190
Liberality and Avarice,	192
A Mother's Grave,	193
The Sinner,	195
Nehemiah to Artaxerxes,	195
The Holy Man,	197
Elegy of Jonathan,	198
"They Died,"	198
The Prophets of Baal,	200
Prayer of Agur,	201
Judah to Joseph,	202
Youth and Age,	203
The Grave,	204
The Witch of Endor,	206
The Storm,	207
Barzillai the Gilleadite,	209
The Lord on Mount Sinai,	210
Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-Nego,	211
The Man of Threescore,	213
The Dissolution of Nature,	214
Conclusion,	215

THE
LONELY HEARTH,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

The moving accident is not my trade,
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts ;
'Tis my delight alone in summer shade
To pipe a simple song to thinking hearts.
WORDSWORTH.



THE
LONELY HEARTH.

TO A FRIEND.

____ Years
Have wrought strange alterations.—SOUTHEY.

'Tis eve—the stars are in the sky—the flowers
Fold up their dewy fringes—the slow rooks,
Still as the motion of a cloud, return
Home to the peaceful forest—the small bird
Is on the wing for its connubial nest—
The labourer leaves the fields, and tho' borne down
With age and toil, wends merrily along
His homeward pathway—the delighted youth
Steals from the pastime of his brother youths,
To meet the favourite maiden who awaits
His happy coming. Yea, all things on earth
Seem blest but I : and yet it is an eve
That well might tranquillize the harassed mind,
And make it peaceful even as itself.
So have I found in former days ; but now,
At such an hour, I seek my lonely hearth,
To mourn o'er past enjoyments, and to look
Into futurity's appalling gloom,
For some kind spirit that would love to cheer
Me on my journey, as the traveller looks
For a fair star to guide him through the night.

Yea, I have found one ! and, my friend, 'tis thou !
And unto thee my spirit clings amid
Its sufferings, even as a drowning man
Holds fast the twig that keeps him still afloat,
When the swoln river threatens with each wave
To overwhelm him.

O my faithful friend !
Thou dost remember when my humble hearth
Was happy as the happiest ; when she—
My sister—shared with me in every care
Of our small household, and still cheered the mind
Too often given to melancholy thoughts ;
When thou wast wont to visit our abode,
And weave with me the song, and talk of fame,
And other pleasing topics. I had dreams
In those sweet days, oh, most enchanting dreams !
Even dreams of immortality—Methought
That when this heart had ceased to beat, this tongue
Was silent, and mine image passed away
For ever from the earth, my happy soul
(For I was purer in those joyous days)
Might lean from heaven and hear some beauteous
maid
Warbling my songs along the greenwood side
At peaceful evening, while her little heart
Beat with unusual transport ; or some youth
Conning, at midnight, by his glimmering lamp,
Each tender line, and blessing the sweet bard
Who had inspired him with the love of song,
And who had kindled in his glowing heart
A higher, purer pleasure than is found

Among the common herd of humankind.
Those dreams are gone, and when my knell is rung,
My name will be forgotten—when my grave
Is sunk and levelled with the earth, no one
Shall know that such a man hath been.

Alas!

Why should I dream of fame, or anything
Above the common herd of humankind?
Why, I am lower than the lowest even
Of that contentious crowd, at least some men
Would have it so—men who more strictly watch
The actions of another than their own—
Who fail to look into their secret thoughts,
As God commands, yet ready to traduce
A neighbour's character, which God forbids.
Go, evil ones! and with the beasts of prey
Herd in the forest, for ye are not fit
For the society of humankind,
Where all should be benevolence and love.
Yet think not, slanderers! that I feel your power;
No! Heaven preserve my mind as it is now,
And I shall, while I breathe, scorn the attacks
Of feeble men, who think that they possess
A venom that may hurt me. They are wrong—
They are as harmless to me as the toad,
That wants the virtue it is dreaded for
Among the vulgar.

Let us quit this theme,
Beloved friend! we know there are a few
(Like flowers among a wilderness of weeds)

Upon whose love our spirits may repose
In perfect safety.—On the love of one,
A maid most beautiful, yea, and most pure,
I once reposed—but she is in her grave.
Oh ! I have looked upon that empty chair
That stands right opposite, and fancied her
Even there, in all her beauty—seen her smile,
And felt her soft words slide into my heart.
But when the vision fled, how have I wept
To think of her cold dwelling, while I sate
In peace and comfort by a warm fire-side !
Yet, 'mid this loneliness and grief of heart,
I still possess a comfort—when I weave
My melancholy songs, methinks her soul
Hovers around me, and with pleasure hears
Her name breathed from my lips. Yes ! while I feel
By every aspiration of my mind,
By every beating of my heart, that I
Possess a soul, which God will not allow
To slumber in the grave, I must believe
That those departed souls act to the friends
They leave behind them as their guardian angels ;
Yea, how could those departed souls be blest,
Torn from their weeping families like boughs
Cut from the living trees, unless they hold,
In those sweet dreams that come upon our sleep,
Communion with their kindred, and inspire
Thoughts of a higher mood than ever bless
Our waking moments.

I had brooded o'er
Those wildering thoughts, until my mind forgot

Its earthly nature, and the duties too
That are incumbent upon sinful man,
Who has to labour for the needful things
Of this existence. 'Tis a duty sure
To leave at times the grovellings of this earth
And soar in fancy to that better world
We hope to call our home ; but if mankind
Neglect the due performance of the part
Assigned them here below, it is in vain
To cherish hopes of happiness in heaven.
Yes ! I must think more calmly, and forsake
Those visionary themes, that, while they charm,
Weaken the powers of mind. I must attend
To all my avocations, as I did
In former happy days, when I arose
Even with the sun, and saw before mine eyes
A beauteous prospect all beneath my care :—
The flocks upon the mountain's side—the kine
Low in the vale—the ploughboy in the field,
Whistling a merry catch to cheer his team—
A happy group, upon the new-mown mead,
Of youths and maids, raising a choral song
In pleasing unison with woodland birds
Warbling unseen among the neighbouring palms.
Oh, 'mid those happy beings, I partook
Of happiness, and of the purest kind ;
For when I looked upon this beauteous world
And all its harmony, I could not think
But that all mankind were my friends.—Alas !
Experience proved the falsity of all
Those cherished expectations. Yet I still
Cherished an expectation of a kind

Perhaps more interesting ; for I thought
The gentle being I had singled out,
And loved with greatest tenderness among
God's intellectual creatures, would ere long
Partake my little hearth.—Ah ! that fair moon,
That enters now my window, oft beheld,
About the curfew hour of former days,
A happy being stealing through the vale
To that maid's straw-roofed cottage—now beholds
That happy being but a desolate wretch,
Wandering, at midnight, by the cold white stone
That tells where she is laid.

Ye unseen worlds !

Where many spirits dwell that I have loved
On this unhappy earth, to you my thoughts
With undefinable emotions turn,
Even as a mother's to the distant land
Where her fair boy sojourns—her hopeful boy,
By absence rendered dearer than them all
Who dwell with her at home ; but tho' she feels
For him more tenderly, and with that love
We bear unto the dead, yet will her heart
Attend unto the comforts of them all,
So must I act. Though some beloved friends
Have left me for another, better world,
Should I for ever brood upon their loss,
Unnerve each faculty, and hence become
Unfit for all the bustle of this life—
Even as a three years' child ?—No, it is wrong !
And though upon my solitary walks,
And in my dreams, I hold communion sweet

With the departed, yet my heart will glow
With as strong love as it hath ever glowed
For earthly friends, and some kind friends I have
In this bad world, whom I respect and love.
Yes! parents, brothers, sisters, and some ties
Of friendship, though but few, that ne'er can break
Either in this or in a future world.
One of the strongest, my dear friend! hast thou
Twined round my heart, to whom I dedicate
This little melancholy song. O come,
As thou wast wont of yore, and cheer my home
With that sweet converse that for ever charms!
O come, and see if thou canst still revive
The happiness that thou hast oft beheld,
And shared with me—upon this Lonely Hearth!

THE WANDERER.*

THERE passed a melancholy maid
Along our quiet vale,
And none could learn from whence she strayed,
And none could tell her tale.
Oh, like a lovely flower she seemed
Long beaten by the storm,
Or like a shape that we have dreamed,
So bright her eyes' wild radiance gleamed!
So slender was her form!

* The description of this Maniac, which I have here versified, was given me by a young lady in Dumfriesshire, for whose elegance and cultivation of mind I have the highest respect.

If e'er her faded face we scanned,
 So sweet in its decay,
She hid it with her meagre hand
 And hurried her away.
Yea, though we sorrowed for her pain,
 And would each care bestow,
The more we wished her to remain,
And shelter her from sun and rain,
 The more she wished to go.

If e'er her little dog we named
 A tender song she sung,
As if by some lone damsel framed
 Whose heart was wildly wrung;
And aye she would that strain prolong,
 With voice so shrill and wild,
It scarcely seemed an earthly song—
A strain that never should belong
 To one so sweet and mild.

Then would she start and look around,
 As if she were pursued,
As if the wildered thought were found
 That all her grief renewed.
And she would bless the happy time
 She left her cell behind,
For, oh, she dearly loved to climb
The hills of heath, the banks of thyme,
 Free as the wandering wind.

'Twas plain that she had been beloved,
 By what she said and sung,

But vain to question why she roved,
Or whence her sorrows sprung.
'Twas seen some grief-awakening name
She to her dog had given,
But what had worn her wasted frame,
For aught that to our knowledge came,
'Twas only known in heaven.

'Tis long since passed the stranger maid
Along our quiet vale,
And none hath learnt from whence she strayed,
And none can tell the tale,
If still she spurns, as once she spurned,
Each proffered hand to save,
Or if her senses be returned,
And she is blest with him she mourned,
Or if she fills her grave.

MY SISTER.

My Sister ! while in life's dark valley beset
With woes all have felt, and must also be thine,
Heaven grant that this bosom may never forget
What aid thou hast claim to, what duties are mine.

Should I, who upon the same bosom have hung,
Who have knelt in devotion beside the same knee,
Who have listened to truth from the same pious
tongue,
Despise every dictate, and care not for thee ?

No ! memory shall nurse, 'mid her visions of joy,
The feelings that nature awaked in my breast,
In the days when a mother assigned my employ
To rock thy hushed cradle and sing thee to rest.

When the hand of a parent was urged to apply
The rod of correction—then reckoned severe—
Oh, well I remember thou sighedst to my sigh,
And, in truant retreats, shed a tear for my tear.

When far from my home and my kindred remote,
Thy pen was resigned to a tender employ—
To convey all that passed in my father's dear cot,
And cheer me with sweet recollections of joy.

My sister ! thy sorrows I ever shall feel,
Thy pleasures to me shall a pleasure impart,
Thy wrongs and thy injuries kindle my zeal
To revenge with the last blood that throbs in my
heart.

Alas ! if of father and mother bereft,
Think not thou art fated in sorrow to roam,
But turn to thy brother when thus thou art left—
Be his arm thy support and his cottage thy home.

Yes ! turn unto him, and despair not of aid,
'Till a friend, far more dear than a brother can be,
Shall walk thro' the sunshine of life and the shade,
With a heart true to honour, to virtue, and thee.

THE DEPARTED BROTHER.

(Extract from a Poem entitled "A Father's Cottage.")

YEA, I have envied not the man alone
 Who steals through life to all its woes unknown,
 Even as a river through some flowery wild
 Winds to the sea untroubled, undefiled,
 But I have envied him whose dreamless head
 Rests on the pillow where no tear is shed,
 Whose mouldering heart nor heavens to joy nor wo,
 Whose name belongs not to this world below.
 My little Edward ! I have envied thee
 Thy peaceful rest beneath the churchyard tree—
 My little brother ! though thy course was run
 Before mine eyes had ever seen the sun,
 And soon, alas ! as thou hadst learned to frame
 Thy two first words—a sire's, a mother's name—
 Yet still I hold thee as sincerely dear
 As any brother Heaven hath left me here.

I well remember many a schoolboy day,
 We sought the churchyard at our hours of play,
 And bounded lightly o'er each wrapping sod,
 Nor thought of those on whom we idly trod.
 Yet, all along, though careless as the rest,
 I could not see them gambol o'er thy breast ;
 And I have seen the most obdurate boy,
 Whose thoughtless heart was only tuned to joy,
 Behold in me the anguish that it gave,
 And turn in pity from thy little grave.

And I have marked on many a sabbath morn,
 As we came winding past the churchyard thorn,

My tender mother's sorrow-moistened eye
Dwell on the spot where thy dear relics lie ;
And if by chance the Psalmist's holy lay
Sung of the friends that moulder in the clay,
Oft have I seen her cease to join the strain,
And the tear start into her eye again.
Then as we wandered from the house of prayer,
Oft she would dwell upon the days that were,
And she would tell of all thy infant play,
Of all thy feats, of all that thou couldst say ;
And, oh, how sad to think thy grave was green !
How sad to think of what thou might'st have been !

My little brother ! though it soothes me still
That thou art free from every earthly ill,
Yet I could wish that thou wert here below,
A friend in all my joy and all my wo ;
For oft I meet thee in my dreams at night,
And mourn to lose thee at the morning's light.
My little Edward ! I shall strive to be
What Heaven requires, that I may meet with thee !

THE MANSE.*

O YES, my friend ! it is a lovely place,
The parson's dwelling and the scenery round
Has something more than earthly in its stillness.
The river stealing down its level way,
The smooth green hills, the yellow plains below,

* The Scene of this little Poem lies in the vicinity of the village of Ancrum, near the beautiful conflux of the waters Aired and Tiviot.

The village church, the tombstones, and the yew
That stands amongst them—all in one still voice
Speak peace unto my soul, and make me think
The parson's dwelling and the scenery round
Like the soft image that I had of heaven
While yet I was a boy.

'Tis five long years

Since you and I were seated round his fire,
One peaceful evening, and beheld, we thought,
The sweetest picture of connubial love
That ever was on earth. Two little ones
Were clinging round his knees, while one still younger
Smiled from its mother's arms. Whene'er he spoke,
He stole a side-long glance to her who seemed
The very spirit of his whole existence ;
And when he caught her look of approbation,
His words were warmer, and his language moved
More powerfully the feelings of the heart.
And didst thou not perceive how mute he sate
When she was speaking—mute even as a child
When listening to some wild romantic tale.
And when she ended, still he seemed entranced,
And wished, in vain, to catch the pleasing sound
He could attend for ever.

Yes ! it was

The sweetest picture of connubial love
That ever was on earth. Alas ! how changed
The scene since our last visit here ! when now
That tender mother, that endearing wife,
Is in her grave ! Oh, well I marked, to-day,

When his sweet daughter came into the room,
His eyes were fixed upon her ; and I marked
His starting tears, but instantly he rose
And walked across the floor, and then was calm.
A little afterwards, when we admired
The prospect from his window, he beheld
The churchyard, and some incoherent words
Escaped him for a moment. 'Tis not strange
That tender feelings should at times o'ercome
The wisest and the firmest of mankind :
But *he* is pious, and a pious man
Can never be unhappy.

Now, my friend !
I am recalling, like a pleasant dream,
The scene of happiness we first beheld
In this sweet dwelling—and I pray to God
If ever she be mine who is most dear,
And without whom I never can be blest,
That I may be just what this man hath been.
But when I turn me round and see the stone
That tells where she is laid—one of the best
And loveliest of women—I could weep,
Even when I fancy that I may be doomed
To mourn perhaps the loss of such another.

TO AN INFANT.

DAUGHTER OF MY FRIEND, ARCH. SCOT, ESQ.

SWEET stranger of this world below,
 This transient home of man,
 This chequered scene of joy and wo,
 Since ever time began !
 Though still unconscious of thy birth,
 Yet thou shalt share the ills of earth,
 If left to count a few short years ;
 For, ah ! thou hast a human heart
 That shall to tenderest feelings start
 A woman's hopes and fears.

Say, when beside thy couch of rest
 Thy parents watch thy sleep,
 Say, will they not, in thought distressed,
 Be half inclined to weep,
 When, tracing woes that have been theirs,
 They muse o'er all the griefs and cares
 That may o'ercloud thy mortal path,
 Perchance, and not a friend partake
 The pangs with which thy heart shall break,
 When they repose in death ?

But brighter hopes shall then arise
 Their prospects to adorn,
 Fair as the summer's opening skies
 At summer's sweetest morn ;
 And they shall mark, though far away,
 Thy virtues all their cares repay,

And cheer their evening's deepest gloom,
When, wasted by life's frequent storms,
And pressed with years, their weary forms
Are bent to meet the tomb.

Then why should tears of sorrow flow,
To fancied evils given,
There still is virtue here below,
There is a God in heaven !
And, though the sky be oft o'ercast,
We know that, when the storm is past,
The sun shall shed his cheering ray ;
And so shall end life's dreariest gloom,
And even the shadows of the tomb,
In everlasting day.

Sweet babe ! I cannot trace thy fate
As with a prophet's view,
But I will paint a happy state,
And wish the vision true.
I cannot fancy to my mind
That death's white shroud thy limbs shall bind
Ere childhood's opening buds shall bloom ;
I cannot see thy parents stand
And lift to heaven the imploring hand
Beside thy early tomb.

I cannot think thy virgin-rose
Shall e'er in grief decay,
Or that an author of thy woes
Shall leave thee or betray.
I cannot think the heart will beat

That e'er can practice the deceit
That draws a mournful tear from thee.
O God ! yet often have we seen
Such agony—such guilt hath been,
But may it never be.

To thee, O woman ! 'tis to thee
Our earliest thanks we owe,
Who nursed us on thy careful knee
And soothed our after wo.
Then is there man would dim the smile
That might his dreariest hours beguile
Whate'er his earthly fate might be ?
No ! he shall soothe thy sorrowing sigh,
And he shall wipe thy tearful eye,
Or shed his blood for thee.

Sweet woman ! I have watched thy life
Through every varying stage,
And marked thy hours of joy and strife
From infancy to age ;—
For I have rocked thy cradle-bed,
And I have seen thy first steps led
When every parent hope was high ;
And I have seen thy beauty's flower
Blooming in youth's meridian hour,
When not a storm was nigh.

And I have seen the home disclosed,
And with a glowing breast,
Where he upon thy love reposed,
Who blessed as he was blest ;

And, like a summer's peaceful eve,
Oh, I have seen thy spirit leave
 This weary world when worn with years,
While, like the flowers surcharged with dew,
The family train that round thee drew
 Were lovely in their tears.

O spotless babe ! thus may thy time
 Pass—as it oft hath passed—
A hopeful youth, a happy prime,
 A peaceful close at last.
Oh, many a careless eye may gaze,
Upon thy little early days,
 As on some transient floweret's bloom,
Yet see thee heir of human life,
Of earthly cares, of earthly strife,
 Of sorrow, and the tomb.

Then wilt thou ever bless the heart
 That hailed thy opening day,
When time and truth may yet impart
 A value to my lay ?
Oh, I perhaps may live to see
Each joy that I have wished to thee ;
 But if I must not linger here
To see my little cares repaid,
O seek the ground where I am laid,
 And pay me with a tear !

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh, she was good and she was fair !—RODGERS.

SHE left us when spring-time
 Had painted the plain,
 And promised in autumn
 To see us again.
 Long, long seemed the summer
 When she was away,
 And we sighed for the woodlands
 And flowers to decay.

The tree at our window
 Had scattered its leaves,
 And the swallow had left us
 That sung from the eaves,
 When we thought of her promise
 To see us again,
 And longed for her coming,
 But all was in vain.

She left us in spring-time
 In health and in joy,
 But the breezes of autumn
 Had blown to destroy !
 We saw her long funeral
 Come over the plain,
 And the voice that could cheer us
 Can cheer not again !

TO A VIOLET.

HAIL, solitary violet, hail !
 I love to see thee here once more ;
 I now have seen three opening springs
 Thy infant flower restore.

How peaceful hath thy shelter been
 Beneath the surface of the sod,
 Though sweeping winds have o'er thee raged,
 And careless feet have trod !

But I have found no friendly shade
 From troublous life's destroying blast ;
 My joys are blighted every one,
 My hopes are overcast.

My fervent heart was once so firm,
 I would have blushed if I had wept,
 But now the feelings of a child
 Into that heart have crept.

Here I have lain for many an hour,
 And wet thy leaves with many a tear,
 For woes the world has never heard—
 The world shall never hear.

Oh, I might tell them to a friend,
 And he would weep, but could not save ;
 Then I will keep them in my heart,
 And hide them in the grave.

Who then shall tread this lonely walk,
At summer eve's enchanting hour,
And o'er thy simple beauty melt,
And hail thy modest flower?

Another may. But will he know
That in thy leaves my tear-drops lay,
Or hear the plaint that from my lips
The breezes bore away?

Oh, he may hail thy modest flower,
And o'er thy simple beauty melt,
But may he never, never feel
The woes that I have felt.

Farewell, sweet flower! the dews of eve
Have steeped thy closing fringe in tears;
And I must seek my sleepless couch,
And think of former years!

THE FATHER'S FAREWELL.

(Extract from a Poem entitled "A Father's Cottage.")

STILL, still whene'er to pensive thoughts inclined,
The parting morn returns upon my mind,
And I behold, yet winding o'er the plain,
Our father, mother, and their little train;
While on mine ear, in feeling accents, fell
A sire's instructions, with his last farewell—

Even like some tune that soothed our early years,
When every note was answered by our tears,
Yet can by far a deeper charm impart,
When memory brings it back upon the heart—
“And now, my son ! though far thy steps may roam,
Keep in remembrance still thy native home ;
Let us not see thee with these aged eyes
Our early lessons and our love despise ;
Let us not be ashamed we gave thee birth,
And go with sorrow to our parent earth ;
But, when the world's beguiling pleasures lure,
Think, think of us, and thou wilt stand secure.

“Oh, couldst thou but thy grandsire's merits claim,
And bear his character as well as name—
For there were virtues in that old man's mind
Beyond whate'er I met in humankind,
And I could almost weep when I recall
His words, and actions, and endearments all !
Well I remember, on that night he died,
When every remedy was vainly tried,
I laid his hand upon thy infant head,
Asked him to bless thee, and he fondly did ;
He bade me rear thee as an heir of heaven,
Give the instructions he himself had given,
And though he could not lift his languid eyes,
He trusted yet to see thee in the skies.

“Thou knowest, my son ! it is my wish to rest
Near that of parents and of men the best ;
And in thy absence, lest it be forgot,
Thy younger brother now can point the spot.

There if thou find'st my grave at thy return,
'Tis not my wish that thou shouldst come to mourn,
But to his memory to devote one hour
Who did thee all the justice in his power."

THE VISIT.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more.—COWPER.

Yes, my dear sister! 'tis a pleasant thing,
Though it be somewhat melancholy, thus,
After long absence, to revisit scenes
Of infancy and childhood—scenes that exist,
True as the picture by an artist's hand,
Within each individual heart of our
Affectionate family—and shall exist
Even while those hearts themselves have power to
 beat,
To hope or fear, to pleasure or to pain.
But, ah! reality hath much destroyed
The lovely prospect we had hoped to find.
'Tis like our meeting with a former friend,
Whom we had known in his prosperity,
After misfortunes, in a tattered garb,
And with a mournful countenance. Wo is me!
The master of this cottage, once our own,
Seems in his heart to feel no reverence
For the harmonious combination—for
The beautiful variety we see
In God's most blessed works.

The yew is gone,
Whose boughs o'ershadowed the turf-built seat
On which our father sate, at sabbath eve,
And with his book and admonitions warmed
Our little hearts with love of God and man.
The hawthorn is no more, that on the bank
Of wild flowers stood, above the crystal spring
O'erhung with bending willows—where the wren
Built her warm nest for many a year—where I
Have sported in my infancy—where I
Have oft retired, at evening's dewy fall,
With her I loved, she who is in her grave.
The hazel dean is cut, where we repaired
With empty satchels, when the redbreast's song
Alone was heard in autumn's fading bowers ;
And, as we shook the brown nuts from the tree,
Joys have been mine, and with some little hearts
That have not beat for many a longsome year.
Yea, everything is changed ! and were it not
For that soft tinkling rill—for that wild bleat
That echoes from the mountain—for that tree
Whose summer branches send into mine ear
A well-known whisper, I could scarcely think
That this had been our cottage.

Yet it is
The very cottage where our parents dwelt.
Say, will the present owner of that home,
While round his evening fire amid a group
Of happy beings, deign to think of those
Who on that hearth for many a year enjoyed
Their happiest and much lamented days ?

Say, while his children gambol o'er the green
In beauty and in joy, will the fond heart
Of their delighted mother ever dream
That oft upon that very spot have played
As fair and happy children even as her's ?
No. Every old thing here is done away,
And all things now are new. A mother's voice,
That once was heard diffusing peace and joy
In this dear habitation, now is gone.
A father's hand, that on the fields around
Hath oft been busied, is far away.
But, ah ! how much more desolate had we been,
My dearest Harriet ! had those parents left
This native mansion for the silent grave.
Blessed be God ! we yet can hail their home,
Though in a distant valley, and can share
In all the feelings of those tender hearts
That feel for us.

"Tis sorrowful to think
How all things change, both in the mind of man
And in his outward circumstances. None can feel
All these vicissitudes more than myself,
Now at this moment on my native spot.
This is the dwelling where I first beheld
The light of day, and was enrolled amongst
Those intellectual beings who are called
The lords and masters of this lower world ;
Though then all helpless as the flower that stands
Unsheltered from the storm, and, like that flower,
Unconscious of the evils that surround it.
From this low dwelling many a weary day

I trudged to school, beneath the morning sun,
Full oftimes envying, as I passed along,
The noisy labourers, who, I thought, were free
From all restraint—even as the merry lark
That carolled o'er their heads. But now I find
Those days were perfect pleasure when compared
With those that now are present. I shall ne'er
Forget what happiness was mine, when oft
Returning homeward, at the close of day,
Thou, my loved Harriet! and thy sister too,
Came, hand in hand, up the slow rising hill,
To bid me welcome. Then my rural meal
Was scarcely finished, when my steps you led
Through wood and lawn, and many a pleasant field,
To mark the beauty of some new found flower,
Or songster's nest, or wild bee's secret cell.
God bless thee, Harriet, and thy sister too;
For while you brought before my outward sight
These beauteous objects, you improved my heart,
By checking every wish that might arise
Of plundering such innocence. To these
Early impressions I, perhaps, may owe
Some of the tenderest sympathies that make
My heart so love, so anxious to preserve,
The harmony and beauty that prevail
In undisturbed nature.

When afar,
Those happy days have many times arisen
Upon my dreams, and 'mid my native bowers
Methought that I have sported, even as gay
And innocent as in my childhood years;

And I, methought, have heard the very song
My mother conned, when round her knees I clung
With all the fondness of a happy child ;
And I, methought, have heard my father's prayer,
Breathed in that pious tone that warmed the heart
Of every little worshipper. But when
The vision fled, and left a vacancy
In my forsaken bosom, I forgot
The love of fame and all the aspiring hopes
That once were dear unto me as the light
Of sun and moon, while my soft heart awoke
To all the feelings of those childish days—
Yea, and the tears too of those childish days
Came stealing down my cheek.

But we have left
Those days behind, my sister ! and must leave
The scenes where they were all enjoyed. 'Tis vain
Even to be sad at such a circumstance ;
For we must learn to part with everything
That we possess on earth. The hopes that cheer
Our mortal path, and, like the summer suns,
Warm our delighted hearts, will disappear—
The strength of youth will fade, and leave at last
A shadow of ourselves, as we may read
Our fate in bird and beast, and flower and tree—
The friends we love, whose feelings are entwined
So closely with our own that they become
Part even of ourselves, must die—and life,
Yes ! life, that pleasing consciousness, which few
Despise with all its sorrows, must at last
Be taken from us, and what are we then ?

God only knows! but he hath given us hope,
Yea, something far more confident than hope,
That that dear treasure shall again be ours
In heaven itself, with all the friends we loved
On earth below!

Farewell! dear spot, farewell!

THE FAMILY TOMBSTONE.

ONE eve, one lovely summer's eve,
I reached the well-known ways,
And long-lost haunts that made me grieve
To think of schoolboy days.

I mused o'er all that mankind lose
On life's deceitful road,
Until I reached at evening's close
A cherished friend's abode.

His house stood near the house of God
And all its tombstones gray,
And near the consecrated sod
Where all my kindred lay.

The harvest moon was in the west,
And I went forth alone,
An hour before the hour of rest,
To read our family stone.

For three long years I had not trode
The churchyard's dreary way,
But now I reached the house of God
And all its tombstones gray.

'Twas silence—save the breaking waves,
The rushing of the tide,
And, oh, how peaceful were the graves
As they lay side by side !

I read the names, and shed my tears
Where my name shall be seen,
When I forget my present fears,
My sorrows that have been.

Upon the very spot I lay
Where yet I hope to rest,
And pressed the very flowers that may
Yet blossom on my breast.

Long, long I lingered amid those
Who feel no earthly ill,
And almost envied their repose
So peaceful and so still.

'Tis long ago—yet to that scene
Oft turns my pensive mind,
And mourns o'er those whose graves are green,
Yet strives to be resigned.

THE DAUGHTER.

What will not woman when she loves ?

Yet lost, alas ! what can restore her ?—RODGERS.

AH ! see upon yon old gray stone,
 Beneath the blasted tree,
A wretched female sits alone,
Where every branch that's o'er her thrown
 Seems wretched even as she.
The hopes are gone she cherished most,
And she is restless as a ghost
 That haunts the midnight gloom ;
And she a mournful tale can tell,
Even mournful as a funeral knell
When some one we have loved well
 Is bearing to the tomb.

She seldom loves to tell her tale,
 'Tis apt to turn her head,
But murmurs in the moon-beam pale,
When strangers oft have heard her wail,
 And thought 'twas from the dead.
She—when her senses come again—
Oft weeps that grief has turned her brain,
 And she will speak to none ;
Yet I have seen, when she could trace
Compassion in a friendly face,
That she would leave her resting place,
 And all her sorrows own.

“O yes, I loved ! as fondly loved
 As ever mortal did,
And many a pleasing eve we roved,
And many an hour of transport proved,
 Among the woodlands hid.
But now the tale I must impart—
'Tis only to the feeling heart
 Can all its force be known ;
For, oh, how I was left forlorn,
And how my anguished soul was torn,
When, on our very nuptial morn,
 My plighted youth was gone !

“Yes, he was gone ! I know not where—
 But I was left to shame ;
And, strangers, I was left to bear
A pang more dreadful than despair,
 That hath no earthly name.
Oh, how my parents wept for me,
And thought, by counterfeited glee,
 My grief might be beguiled ;
And still I struggled to conceal
The anguish that could never heal,
The truth I shuddered to reveal—
 My God ! I was with child.

“And when my hand my mother took
 And pressed it in her own,
I could not bear her pitying look,
And every nerve with tremors shook
 Through fears to her unknown.

And when my father knelt at even,
He poured his fervent prayer to Heaven
For his afflicted child—
His duteous child ! Eternal Lord !
He little knew how I abhorred
My very self, though he adored
The wretch that was beguiled.

“ Oh, many a weary, weary day
I never tasted food,
And stole from every eye away,
Unseen, unknown, to weep and pray
Amid the lonesome wood ;
And when we circled round our hearth,
The happiest, once, perchance, on earth,
At evening's dewy fall,
That happiness to me was gone,
Though in each eye compassion shone,
I knew a truth would soon be known—
Would break the peace of all.

“ And many a weary, weary night
My eyes I could not close,
But trembled till the morning light
Chased off the phantoms of affright
That in my anguish rose ;
Or, if a moment's rest I knew,
Some frightful vision met my view,
And woke me with a scream ;
Till days of want and nights of dread
Made me I knew not what I did,
And life, to my bewildered head,
Seemed even itself a dream.

“And then I swore that I would go,
In this distracting dream,
Some night, when none but Heaven could know,
And here at once conclude my wo,
And plunge me in the stream.
’Twas midnight deep—o’er every breast—
O’er all but mine—refreshing rest
Had fallen as still as death ;
I stole me gently to the door,
Unfixed the bolt, and to the shore,
From whence I should return no more,
Ran down the well-known path.

“Oh, ’twas a lovely summer’s night,
The starry skies were clear,
The waning moon shone cold and bright,
And gilded, with her yellow light,
The stream that murmured near ;
The blooming hawthorn waved its head,
And glow-worms, on a flowery bed
Beneath, their vigils kept ;
And sweetly sung the nightingale,
And sweetly rung the answering vale ;
And then my heart began to fail,
And down I sate and wept.

“On such a lovely night as this,
Almighty God ! I cried,
And shall I evermore dismiss
The hopes of thy eternal bless,
And plunge me in this tide ?

It could not be ; for then I thought
Of those who many a lesson taught,
 And loved my steps to guide ;
And though I bring them grief and shame,
Oh, I, perhaps, may soothe the same,
When they are old, and have no claim
 On any friend beside.

“Now, strangers, now I needs must waive
 The sequel I could tell,
It makes me mad, it makes me rave,
And I must hide it in my grave
 When they shall ring my knell.
O God ! I hear the infant’s wail
That turned a trembling mother pale
 Whom never husband blessed ;
And now I see the funeral meet,
And bear that child of shame, though sweet,
To where the boys with wanton feet
 Dance on its tender breast.

“And now I see two parents weep
 Upon a cheerless hearth,
I see them to a sad bed creep,
And hear their lamentations deep
 For her whom they gave birth.
They should have cursed me, (by my soul !)
For pity for a crime so foul
 Is ten times worse than scorn ;
But God beheld, and he came down,
And took them—took them for his own—
And left their sinful child alone,
 Despised and forlorn.

“ But he, the vile deceiver, he
 Awaits a dreadful doom—
Last night a spirit met with me,
As wandering by the faded tree,
 Beneath the twilight gloom.
He told me that deluding wretch
Shall die of hunger in a ditch ;
 Yet, e'er his life depart,
The carion crow shall stay her flight,
And there upon his breast alight,
And there in his unhappy sight
 Dig out his rotten heart.”

Poor wretch ! that mournful tale again
 Hath turned thy swimming head,
Go to thy seat until the rain
Fall cold upon thy burning brain,
 And eve's chill dews be shed.
Go, mourner, to the old gray stone
Thou lovest most to sit upon,
 Beneath the blasted tree ;
And, oh, may each deluded heart
At thy appalling story start,
And hear—as evil thoughts depart—
 A monitor in thee !

THE LAMENT.

Her modest looks the cottage did adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
 GOLDSMITH.

SHE was mine when the leaves of the forest were
 green,
 When the rose-blossoms hung on the tree ;
 And dear, dear to me were the joys that had been,
 And I dreamt of enjoyments to be.

But she faded more fast than the blossoms could fade,
 No human attention could save ;
 And when the green leaves of the forest decayed,
 The winds strewed them over her grave !

THE WOOER'S VISIT.

MY native Scotland ! how the youth is blest
 To mark thy first star in the evening sky,
 When the far curfew bids the weary rest,
 And in his ear the milkmaid's wood-notes die !
 Oh, then, unseen by every human eye,
 Soon as the lingering daylight hath decayed,
 Dear, dear to him o'er distant vales to hie,
 While every head in midnight rest is laid,
 To that endearing cot where dwells his favourite maid

Though he has laboured from the dawn of morn,
 Beneath the summer sun's unclouded ray,
Till evening's dewdrops glistened on the thorn,
 And wild flowers closed their petals with the day ;
 And though the cottage home be far away,
Where all the treasure of his bosom lies,
 Oh, he must see her, though his raptured stay
Be short—like every joy beneath the skies—
And yet be at his task by morning's earliest rise.

Behold him wandering o'er the moonlight dales,
 The only living thing that stirs abroad,
Tripping as lightly as the breathing gales
 That fan his cheek upon the lonesome road,
 Seldom by other human footsteps trode !
Even though no moon shed her conducting ray,
 And light his night-path to that sweet abode,
Angels will guide the lover's dreariest way,
If but for her dear sake whose heart is pure as they.

And see him now upon the very hill,
 From which, in breathless transport, he doth hail,
At such an hour, so exquisitely still,
 To him the sweetest, far the sweetest, vale
 That e'er was visited by mountain gale.
And, oh, how fondly shall he hailed by him
 The guiding lamp that never yet did fail—
That very lamp which her dear hand doth trim,
To light his midnight way when moon and stars are
 dim.

But who shall tell what her fond thoughts may be,
The lovely damsel sitting all alone,
When every inmate of the house but she
To sweet oblivion of their cares have gone?
By harmless stealth, unnoticed and unknown,
Behold her seated by her midnight fire,
And turning many an anxious look upon
The lingering clock, as if she would require
The steady foot of time to haste at her desire.

But though the appointed hour is fondly sought,
At every sound her little heart will beat,
And she will blush even at the very thought
Of meeting him whom she delights to meet.
Be as it may, her ear would gladly greet
The house-dog's bark that watched the whole night
o'er,
And, oh, how gently shall she leave her seat,
And gently step across the sanded floor,
With trembling heart and hand, to ope the creaking
door.

The hour is past—and still her eager ear
Hears but the tinkle of the neighbouring rill,
No human footstep yet approaching near
Disturbs the night calm, so serene and still,
That broods, like slumber, over dale and hill.
Ah! who may tell what phantoms of dismay
The anxious feelings of her bosom chill—
The wiles that lead a lover's heart astray—
The darkness of the night—the dangers of the way?

But, lo, he comes ! and soon shall she forget
Her griefs, in sunshine of this hour of bliss ;
Their hands in love's endearing clasp have met,
And met their lips in love's delicious kiss.
Oh, what is all the wealth of worlds to this !
Go—thou mayest cross each foreign land, each sea,
In search of honours, yet for ever miss
The sweetest boon vouchsafed by Heaven's decree—
The heart that loves thee well, the heart that's dear
to thee.

And may I paint their pleasures yet to come,
When, like their hearts, their willing hands are
joined,
The loving inmates of a wedded home,
For ever happy and for ever kind ?
And may I paint their various charms combined
In the sweet offspring that around them plays,
Who—tho' on mountains with the bounding hind
Be rudely nursed—may claim a nation's praise,
And on their native hills some proud memorial raise ?

My native Scotland ! Oh, thy northern hills,
Thy dark brown hills are fondly dear to me ;
And aye a warmth my swelling bosom fills
For all the filial souls that cling to thee—
Pure be their loves as human love can be,
And still be worthy of their native land.
The little beings nursed beside their knee,
Who may at length their country's guardians stand,
And own the undaunted heart, and lift the uncon-
quered hand !

THE STRANGER.

A STRANGER came to Teviot's vale,
Some twenty years ago,
An aged man, whose eyes were dim,
Whose locks were white as snow.

And there he sought a ruined hut,
With noisome weeds o'ergrown,
And there he sate him down and wept
Upon its cold hearth-stone.

For there he found a well-known scene,
And well beloved of yore,
When there he saw the cradle rocked
Full fifty years before.

But wife and babes, like summer flowers,
Were early swept away,
And there he sate, in lonely grief,
Waste as a winter's day.

But now his grief was near a close—
He felt the grasp of death—
He told his name—and raised his hand
Towards the churchyard path.

They found a stone to tell the place
Where all his family lay,
And there they bore his aged bones
To rest with kindred clay.

THE FUNERAL.*

THE vale is still—the milkmaid's song
 Hath never hailed this rising day,
 And not a cheerful sound is heard—
 None, save the wild-bird's lay.

But, mark the cause!—a silent throng
 Is gathering round yon mournful door,
 And mark!—an inmate leaves the house,
 Ah! to return no more.

And he has left a widow there,
 Whose heart with anguish oft shall heave,
 And sorrow for the kindred heart
 That never more can grieve.

Oh! she may muse o'er youthful hopes,
 O'er fireside joys, o'er days serene,
 And find at last the saddening thought
 That they have only been.

And he has left a little boy,
 Who oft at closing eve shall stray,
 And call upon his father's name,
 And wonder at his stay.

* Written on the Author's return from the interment of the
 late Mr THOMAS KEIR of Potholm.

His name ! 'tis like a dreamer's words,
It hath no meaning here below,
But it belongs unto a world
Beyond the reach of wo.

And he has left a little girl
Unconscious that a sire is gone,
But some day she shall mourn her loss
Beside his churchyard stone.

Ah ! never shall his bosom swell
With pride to see the growing maid,
And never shall he joy by her
To see his cares repaid.

How lonely is the dwellingplace,
How sorrowful the evening fire,
When he is gone, for ever gone,
The husband and the sire !

But he was good, and from his worth
Ye shall a sacred name partake ;
And, mourners ! every tender heart
Shall love you for his sake.

And God hath said that he will be
The orphan's shield, the widow's stay ;
Then, mourners ! turn your eyes to Heaven,
And wipe your tears away.—

Hark ! 'tis the dead-bell's pausing toll—
A warning to each human breast—
That hails one pilgrim of the earth
To everlasting rest.

Ah ! never shall he hear that bell
Toll sweetly on the morning air,
Nor lead his wife and little ones
Up to the house of prayer.

And never shall he join the psalm
That oft such holy joy hath given,
But he shall hear the songs of God
Hymned in the bowers of heaven.

Lo, now the sable bier is lowered !
And, while they shovel in the mould,
Each thinks upon his neighbour's bed,
So lonesome and so cold.

And to a consecrated spot
Each turns his sorrow-moistened eye,
And thinks upon the kindred dead
With whom he soon shall lie.

But ere we rest—what kindred dear
We thus may follow to the clay,
Till all that stand around this grave
At length have passed away.

The turf is spread—the parted friend
Is left to silence and repose—
The gate is closed—and who may tell
For whom it shall unclose ?

THE NEGLECTED CHURCHYARD.

WHY hast thou brought me to this mournful place,
 My friend—my brother ? for thou well dost know
 That my dark spirit is too apt to brood
 O'er gloomy thoughts, 'mid all the other woes
 That I inherit with mankind ; yet thou,
 Forgetting the tranquillity of mind
 That it might tend to break, hast given me here
 By far the most appropriated place
 For gloomy thoughts that I have e'er beheld.

Oft, oft I visit, and 'tis my delight
 To visit, every churchyard ; yet even there,
 'Mid all the deep solemnity that reigns
 O'er such a scene, some objects will exist
 That cannot fail to fill the pensive mind
 With most delightful thoughts :—The church, whose
 bell,
 Duly as sabbath's blessed morn returns,
 Summons the villagers to worship God—
 The yew-tree where the wood-dove and the wren
 Rebuild their annual nests—the stones that bear
 The names of the departed, and still give
 Them some connection with this world—the flowers
 That blossom on the bosoms of the dead,
 In emblem of that life that shall arise
 Even from the grave.

Here everything is sad,
And only fitted to inspire with thoughts
Of desolation :—That all-ruinous dome
Is even unfit to lodge the owl—that tree,
In aged nakedness, appears as sad
As widowed sire whose children all are dead—
The stones that might have told where some repose,
Rude hands have raised to build that rugged wall
That ill defends the sacred field of graves—
No flower is here—the sward is covered o'er
With sickly moss, and level too and smooth
As if the sexton's spade had ne'er disturbed
The silent mould below ; where not one limb
Remains to satiate the voracious worm
That hath not rioted on human clay
For generations past. Oh ! 'tis a scene
So still and sad, that one may scarcely hope
That there is dust below us that shall yet
Spring up in breathing man—this is a thought
Of sacrilege, and must not be indulged.

Farewell ! most melancholy place, farewell !
O mayest thou never haunt my visions—may my
thoughts
Ne'er turn to thee—but may remembrance die
With this last look of sorrow that I give thee !

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE brightest sun that ever shone
 Must set in night's deep shade—
 The fairest form e'er looked upon
 Must in the grave be laid.

To her who rests beside this stone,
 Oh, every charm was given !
 And still we weep that she is gone,
 Though she is gone to heaven.

For, ah ! to friends and kindred here,
 High were the hopes she gave,
 But ere she closed her sixteenth year
 We bore her to the grave.

THE BARD'S GRAVE.

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame ;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stained his name.—BURNS.

BENEATH that thorn, so old and gray,
 That stands beside this lonely way,
 And loves its hoary boughs to throw
 Across the passing stream below,
 That through this solitary glen
 Winds round no home of living men,

But rushes through the broken rocks,
The dwelling of the owl and fox,
And other plunderers of the night
That shun society and light ;
Beneath that thorn the mouldering bones
Of one repose, far from the stones
That stand around the house of prayer,
And tell whose ashes slumber there ;
For it hath never been denied
That by his own rash hand he died,
And now the tongue that could deny
In silence must for ever lie.

Though every peasant of the vale
Hath wept o'er his unhappy tale,
Yet every peasant flies the shade
Where his unhallowed bones are laid.
But there the fairest flowers appear
That ever come to deck the year,
And there the busy mountain bees
With pleasing murmurs fill the breeze,
And there the earliest lambs of May
Are ever seen to sport and play,
And there the night-bird sings his song
The ivy-twisted boughs among,
And there the glow-worm lights her lamp
Amid the night-dews cold and damp,
And there the moon's most gentle beam
Will image in the passing stream ;
A scene most beautiful and fair—
There can be nought unhallowed there.

Alas, poor Henry! thou wert born
To cheer a mother most forlorn;
For ere thou sawest the light of day
Thy father slumbered in the clay.
An only child—a child as fair
As e'er required a mother's care.
Yea, every glance of his dark eye
Bespoke a spirit, ardent, high—
And heart of feeling, all too strong
To herd with the ungenerous throng,
Whose grovelling spirits never stray
One hair-breadth from the beaten way,
Where rude men, and their brother ass,
Through life in kindred dulness pass,
Whose hearts are barren as the rock
That's washed by every billow's shock,
And all incapable to melt
O'er sorrows by another felt.
—Alas, poor Henry! 'twas too clear
Thou wert to be a sufferer here.

To him the sports of other boys
Afforded no attractive joys.
No! he would seek the upland wild,
Where coming spring in beauty smiled;
And loiter in the shadowy bowers,
Where summer spread her noontide flowers;
And wander 'mid the falling leaves,
At peaceful autumn's moonlight eves;
And listen to the tempest's howl,
When winter's night sublimed his soul.

But though in every object round,
Or flower or tree, there may be found
A silent charm that can impart
Even rapture to a feeling heart,
Still, still we long to find a breast
In which our fondest hopes may rest.
There was a girl of rosy hue,
And eye of heaven's deep twilight blue ;
And this fair friend of kindred mood
Shared all his walks and solitude.
From every rock, and every rill,
And every wood, and every hill,
Whate'er into his heart was stealing,
His Lucy mingled with the feeling.
—Ah, frantic boy ! thy every breath
Seemed breathed for this frail heir of death,
This lovely thing, that soon might seem
A joy gone by, a pleasing dream,
Thou well mightst wish to dream again,
But wish for in this world in vain.

Thus tutored, he in song began
To vent the joys that through him ran,
And all his little griefs would weave
In songs that made his Lucy grieve.
Alas ! his mother well perceived
His early bent, and inly grieved
To think that poesy might charm
His inclinations from the farm
His father tilled, and he might till,
When rolling seasons should fulfil

A few short years, and give the strength
That might be all her stay at length.
And thus he, she could well divine,
So exquisitely might refine
His tender feelings, and expose
Himself to treachery and woes.
But still she loved at close of day
To listen to his pensive lay ;
For pensive were the lays he sung,
And exquisite for one so young.
And when into his verse he wove
A father's loss, a mother's love,
How could she choose but weep to hear
A song so sad, a child so dear ?
And how could she have power to chide,
For she, like all, had human pride ?

And when her son became a man,
His worth was praised by every one ;
For none with more industrious hand
Or ploughed, or sowed, or reaped his land ;
And none with more attention strove
E'er to repay a mother's love.
But when a-field he drove his team,
Or angled in the willowy stream,
Or went his bleating flock to feed,
Or reared the hay-cock in the mead,
Or cut or bound the harvest grain,
Or homeward drove the loaded wain,
He conned his verses with delight
And hope of heart, as well he might.—

He had a farm unto his mind,
A sweetheart true, a mother kind,
And what can mortal wish for more?—
But summer months are quickly o'er.

Alas ! his happiness must end.—
He had been surety for a friend
Who trembled on the brink of ruin,
And threatened this poor youth's undoing.
Before it came, he saw the storm,
And shuddered at its awful form,
And sought, to calm his storm within,
The revels of the village inn.
And, ah ! he was the choicest guest
That round the alehouse fireside pressed ;
For none could sing so sweet a song,
And none with so much wit prolong
The revels that were never by
Till morning broke upon the sky.
The happy youth who never thought
Of wandering from his own dear cot,
Save with his Lucy to the fair,
Or mother to the house of prayer,
Now sought these scenes, each falling eve,
That made his Lucy—mother grieve.

Ah ! every one beheld with wo
The path this wanderer loved to go ;
And none could guess the secret cause
Why he transgressed those very laws
He had so piously revered
Till this most instant change appeared.

His mother prayed—his Lucy wept—
He vowed reform—and often kept
His resolution for a few
Unhappy days—'till on his view,
In gloomier aspect, rose again
The ills he feared—and all was vain.
O God ! what must the strife have been
His virtue and his vice between ;
He who had borne so kind a part
Unto a widowed mother's heart ;
He who had promised to espouse
The maid who pledged her fondest vows.
But soon the awful struggle passed,
The clouds lowered o'er his home at last,
And burst, and with the dreadful shock
His mother's heart and Lucy's broke ;
And, ere a litle week went round,
Poor Henry in the stream was found—
That very stream by whose pure tide
He wove those songs that with him died.

Poor youth ! thy maid and parents sleep
Each one beneath a grassy heap,
Where tolls the bell on Sabbath day,
And pious people come to pray ;
But thou hast found a lonely grave
By this most solitary wave,
Without a stone to tell thy name,
Without a song to speak thy fame.
But all is past—and vain to weep
O'er thy most still and dreamless sleep ;

Yet still for thee I shed the tear,
For thou wert a poor sufferer here.
Alas! thou strayedst—and man may blame—
But let him pause—he is the same
Blind wanderer o'er life's mazy road—
God made thee, and thy Judge is God!

THE WIDOWER.

OH! I will tell as sad a tale
As ever mortal told,
Of one now imaged in my mind
Not more than five years old.

But she had lived to woman's years,
And she had been beloved,
And she had proved the sweetest joys
That ever woman proved ;

For she had wed a tender youth,
By pious parents bred,
And he had been her kindest nurse
When on her dying bed.

She lived with him one little year,
And left an infant boy,
Who to that father's widowed heart
Will be a hope, a joy.

For to that father's widowed heart
This world must seem a wild,
Where only one sweet blossom blows
And that will be—his child.

The tale is sweet—yet sad enough
To draw our pitying tears—
To think of all a husband's hopes
And all a father's fears.

THE MOTHERLESS LAMB.

THE morn was summer's sweetest morn,
And lonely was my way,
By many an unfrequented thorn,
O'er many a mountain gray.
The slumbering breezes scarcely stirred,
And every sound was still,
Save when a wandered lamb was heard,
Or when some solitary bird
Sung from its desert hill.

Oh, naked, naked was the scene,
Yet lovely seemed the wild,
For every heath-brown plot between
Some lonely violet smiled.
Thus wandering on with weary feet,
Breathing the morning gale,
I blessed each song, and each wild bleat,
That wont at times to sound so sweet
In my own native vale.

When, lo ! I saw a feeding lamb,
Far from the nibbling flock,
And far from its protecting dam,
Upon the tufted rock.
From my approach it fled away
Even like the driven snow,
And soon it reached the willows gray
Where cold in death its mother lay,
Where croaked the carion crow.

Oh, many a tender thought arose
Within my pensive mind,
'Till I forgot the lambkin's woes
In those of humankind :—
Then I beheld an orphan child
Upon a stranger's knee,
No friend its early tears beguiled,
And yet the unconscious infant smiled
In spite of ills to be.

Three days had past ere I returned
O'er moorland hill and plain,
And still my anxious bosom burned
To see the lamb again :—
I saw it as on that first day
I crossed these mountains o'er,
And soon it sought the willows gray
Where cold in death its mother lay,
As it had done before.

“ Good God !” then to myself I said,
“ This lambkin of the wild
Hath tenderer filial duties paid
Than many a human child ;
Yet there are some of tenderest breast,
To loftier feelings given,
Who will not, cannot be at rest,
’Till they weep on a parent’s breast
Amid the bowers of heaven.”

TO A LARK,

SINGING AMID A SNOW-SHOWER.

(By a Friend of the Author.)

SWEET bird ! I hear thy tuneful voice
Amid the chilling storm ;
Hast thou a magic in these tones,
To keep thy bosom warm ?

Amid the blast how powerfully
Can soar thy little wing !
And ’mid a scene so comfortless
How sweetly thou canst sing.

Why should I grieve since thou canst
Even in a storm like this ?
And why, because my heart now bleeds,
Despair of future bliss ?

Sweet bird ! thy joyful song hath been
Most soothing unto me ;
And, when I meet the blasts of life,
I will remember thee.

TO A LADY.

FAREWELL ! and though my steps depart
From scenes for ever dear,
O Mary ! I must leave my heart
And all my pleasures here ;
And I must cherish in my mind,
Where'er my lot shall be,
A thought of her I leave behind—
A hopeless thought of thee.

O Mary ! I can ne'er forget
The charm thy presence brought,
No hour has passed since first we met
But thou hast shared my thought :
At early morn, at sultry noon,
Beneath the spreading tree,
And wandering by the evening moon,
Still, still I think of thee.

Yea, thou hast come to cheer my dream
And bid me grieve no more,
But at the morn's returning gleam
I sorrowed as before ;

Yet thou shalt still partake my care,
And, when I bend the knee
And pour to Heaven a fervent prayer,
I will remember thee.

Farewell ! and when my steps depart,
Though many a grief be mine,
And though I may conceal my own,
I'll weep to hear of thine.
Though from thy memory soon depart
Each little trace of me,
'Tis only in the grave this heart
Can cease to think of thee !

MARY.

Life and love are all a dream.—BURNS.

Now, Mary ! I am truly so,
If ever man was blessed,
For I have kissed the sweetest lips
That ever mortal kissed.

And I have heard the tenderest vow
That ever woman vowed,
And got thy hand—the dearest gift
That ever was bestowed.

Such were my words unto a maid
I held most fondly dear,
But she has left this world—and me
A hopeless mourner here.

THE SUICIDE.

By the skirts of the vale,
Where the streamlet is flowing,
Where the wood-doves bewail,
And the willow is growing,
There's a ghost oft appears,
When the midnight is drearest,
As a fair maid in tears
Cursing him that was dearest.

That maiden was drowned
At the foot of that willow,
And now the cold ground
In its shade is her pillow ;
As a suicide there
In her grave she was hurried,
Without psalm or prayer,
As such wretches are buried.

But worse was his part
Who had left her all lonely,
And broken the heart
That cared for him only.
Oft we'll weep at the tree
Where the strangers have laid her,
But cursed be he—
The false man that betrayed her.

THE MOUNTAIN DOVES.

How sweet to lie upon this primrose bank
 In such a lonely place, where no rude sound
 Comes to disturb the quiet of the scene,
 And mark the happiness of that sweet pair
 Of mountain doves, who, in their cliffy rock,
 That overhangs the stream, seem to enjoy—
 What most on earth I long wished to enjoy—
 A home 'mid the simplicity of nature,
 Where never human footsteps but mine own
 Should brush the dew-drops from the flower, nor ear
 Enjoy the wild bird's song—a home indeed
 As quiet as the grave. I do not look
 For happiness—my heart is seared by grief,
 Even as a blasted tree that never more
 Can feel the breath of spring. I only wish
 Escape from pain—escape from fellow men.

I was not always thus. There was a time—
 O God, had it but lasted!—when I loved
 To mingle with the creatures of my kind;
 But then I thought appearances were real.
 O what a faithless dream! now I have found
 The smile that played upon a beauteous face,
 The words that fell from an engaging tongue,
 The very hand that welcomed me most kindly—
 Have found them all deceitful. Could my heart
 Rest in simplicity, or taste of bliss,

Amid such wickedness? I cannot look
Upon the flowers nor hear the birds with joy,
When I consider that a wretch like man
Hath power to do them injury—hath power
To mar the harmony that might exist
Among the works of nature. 'Tis a thought
Most melancholy, but, alas! too true.
Let me be just. There are a few, I own,
Whom I can even call friends—whom I have loved
For feeling and sincerity of heart—
Fit to inhabit such a beauteous world.

Oh, when I think of those I love so well,
I wish not solitude—no, I could wish
To plant a colony—a select few—
And make a paradise of this lone place.
Oh, what a peaceful neighbourhood—the brook
With its soft murmurings—the leaping trout—
The bleating flocks—the booming mountain bee—
The soaring sky-lark—and, still more than all,
The happy family of my beauteous doves.
Yes, ye are blest, my beauteous doves! and when
Again condemned to mingle with that world
I cannot love, then shall I often pray
That God would grant me such a home as yours—
Yea, I shall pray for such a home as yours,
If still condemned to mingle with that world,
'Till God shall hush my sorrows in the grave!

THE ORPHAN.

Lo, what a lovely child ! O may her God
 Protect her innocence, and guide her steps
 Through all the 'wildering labyrinths of life ;
 For she is left, like a neglected flower
 Amid tempestuous elements, to bloom
 Defenceless and alone.

How fondly loved
 Her virtuous parents ! and how fondly looked,
 With hopes and joys that parents only know,
 Upon their first-born child ! but 'twas a bliss
 Too exquisite for weak mortality—
 They died, ere she could lisp their name, and both
 Were buried, side by side, in the same grave,
 And on the same sad evening.

I have sate
 Upon the turf that covers them and wept.
 Oh, when succeeding years have passed away,
 And she is capable to think what hopes,
 What joys, may have been theirs, and mark how soon
 They had been blasted—she will also weep.
 And may she weep ; for all the tears that fall
 In sorrow for another, cannot fall
 Unseen by God—who can command that she
 Shall seldom grieve for sorrows of her own.

A FATHER'S FEARS.

Melancholy dreams, dreams of decay,
Of death and burial, and the silent tomb.—WILSON.

OH ! still a pensive sigh will heave
This swelling bosom to relieve,
'Mid all these joys vouchsafed to me,
At thought of days that yet shall be :
When many a circling year has gone,
And realized events unknown—
What pair may here from crowds retire
To trim like us their evening fire ?

When on this little friendly hearth,
Now seat of innocence and mirth,
The thistle green shall wave its head,
And evening's tear be duly shed—
What tongue shall then be found to tell
What tender mother here might dwell,
What father could his cares deceive
When children climbed his knee at eve ?

And when our throbbing hearts are cold,
And when our limbs are in the mould,
Ah ! who shall then be left to share
Our children's grief, our children's care ?—
Still, still a pensive sigh will heave
This swelling bosom to relieve,
'Mid all these joys vouchsafed to me,
At thought of days that yet shall be !

ELLEN.

ON Ellen's cheek, and safe through every storm,
 The rose displayed its fifteenth summer's bloom,
 When, ah ! consumption, like a cankerworm,
 Preyed on the flower that withered for the tomb.
 I may not think of the unhappy room—
 The burning tear-drops by a mother shed,
 The calmer father in that hour of gloom,
 In prayer to God, beside a daughter's bed,
 The last surviving child that made his cottage glad.

I may not think of the afflicted pair,
 At midnight sitting by their lamp's pale ray,
 And often turning, 'mid their sleepless care,
 To her who journeyed to her bed of clay—
 Who might have cheered the twilight of their day,
 Like some fair star amid the skies of even.
 Their eyes will meet, and they will turn away,
 To all the weakness of our nature given,
 And shed those bitter tears but to be wiped in heaven.

I may not think of the distracting hour,
 The laboured breathing, the convulsive start,
 When mournful friends renounce all human power,
 And hang o'er those that from the world depart.
 Hark ! as they warble from their inmost heart
 A soothing psalm to hopeless sorrow dear,
 Each broken groan, even like a poisoned dart,
 Thrills to the soul that trembles with its fear,
 And breaks their tremulous song with many a gush-
 ing tear.

The maiden died. And with her latest breath
She named a name unknown to every ear ;
And when her wasted hand was stretched in death
They found a relic that seemed fondly dear—
A little sonnet stained with many a tear,
And to the maid in his sweet name addressed,
Whose hovering image seemed so brightly near,
When o'er the last faint breathings of her breast
Death brooded like the night—then sunk, and all was
rest.

I heard the tale—and to the house of wo,
To soothe a friend, my evening path-way sped ;
And by that friend who could not comfort know
Was to the chamber of affliction led.
I saw her stretched upon the lifeless bed,
Robed in the snow-white vestments of the tomb,
And thought of that closed eye that once could shed
A gleam of joy o'er all the gladdened room,
Where now each face was sad, and every soul in gloom.

The lovely picture of her healthful days,
When she was beauteous as the summer's dawn,
Hung on the wall ; but, as I turned to gaze,
A sable covering was o'er it drawn—
And by herself, when her sunk cheek grew wan,
When she beheld the beauty that was gone,
And when the tears that down her pale cheek ran
Bespoke the sorrow which she would not own,
To see the likeness *once* that could not *now* be known.

The day was closed—the moonlight skies were clear—
Her sire was with me on my homeward road,
And spoke with calmness that was sweet to hear ;
For, though he sorrowed, he had trust in God.
But as the valley's dreary path we trode,
Two neighbours passed us who the coffin bore,
And this renewed the woes of his abode—
The lonesome hearth that was so blithe before
With that endearing child, who there could sit no
more.

Ah ! this dissolved the firmness of his mind,
And, like a child, relieving tears he shed ;
Then, with a heart that scarce could be resigned,
Turned down the path that to his cottage led.
Oft, oft I think of, though my heart be glad,
The burial toll of her who still is dear,
The cold, cold pillow of her dreamless bed,
The first big clod that struck her sounding bier,
And the funeral turf, now green for many a year.

Twice had the spring-flowers blossomed on her grave,
When peace was brought to either parent's breast,
And now the same o'er-reaching branches wave
A dreary shadow o'er their beds of rest.
And when another spring their graves had drest,
A lovely stranger, whom no tongue could name,
One day, from sun-rise till he reached the west,
Mourned o'er their graves, then parted as he came,
His griefs known but to God, who could but soothe
the same !

A FRAGMENT.

TO A LADY.

(Written at Sea.)

It is a beauteous eve—the summer sea
 Is smooth and tranquil, while the winds that waft
 Us on our passage are most favourable
 Unto the seaman's wishes. Yet those winds
 (Unknown to them that pace with him the deck)
 Are carrying one from all that he holds dear
 In this bad world—his birth-place, and the seat
 Of all his youthful happiness—to where
 He long may search in every face to find
 The features of a friend. Ah! every face
 Will look upon him with as cold and still
 An aspect as the sculptured form that stands
 Unmoved upon the marble monument.—
 Sweet lady! they are carrying me from thee,
 Whom I have only known a few short days.
 Thou art to me a star that has arisen
 And disappeared, ere I had power to mark
 Half thy intrinsic worth—a lovely dream
 That once hath blessed me, and I could wish
 Oft to recall—but long must wish in vain.

I lift my tearful eyes to heaven—and, lo,
 The moon and her one star—the beauteous star
 That cheers the lover's heart, and oft hath cheered
 The heart of him who now, on fancy's wing,
 Revisits once again the flowery mead,

The crystal fountain, the o'ershadowing thorn,
And other objects of endearing power
That are entwined with every sympathy
Of this unhappy breast. Yea, and that moon
Now shines upon the pure and tranquil stream
That passed my little dwelling, where at eve
I often wandered in most happy mood,
To weave my song, and muse upon the hopes
That cheer life's darksome pilgrimage—these hopes,
Alas! can ne'er be realized, save in
A new existence—they are gone, and left
My heart a dried up fount, a withered tree
That never more can feel the breath of spring

How welcome is the grave to one like me,
Who enters upon life with hopes as high
As ardent heart can wish, but finds at last
Those hopes delusive as the beauteous morn
That ushers in a stormy day. To-day
Those mournful feelings came upon my heart
With most peculiar power—our vessel steered
Along the coast, and, lo, an aged church,
Amid its hoary trees, with many a stone
That marked the peaceful dwelling of the dead.
And then my thoughts most naturally turned
Upon the death of that good man, whose grave
We visited last Sabbath-eve—a man
According to my heart—a man indeed
Whom thou esteemedst—and that is no small praise.
Peace to his soul! he had his hopes and fears,
His joys and sorrows, like us both—but now,
From every trying circumstance, he rests
In perfect safety—as we shortly must.

SONGS OF ISRAEL ;
CONSISTING OF LYRICS,
FOUNDED UPON
THE HISTORY AND POETRY
OF THE
HEBREW SCRIPTURES.

— **Scripture** —

That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road ;
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief ;
Forgets her labours as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.
COWPER.



SONGS OF ISRAEL.

HARP OF ZION.

HARP of Zion ! pure and holy !
Pride of Judah's eastern land !
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand ?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And, with throbbing heart, awake thee
To the songs I love so much ?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers
Since the dawn of childhood's day,
When a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay—
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee.]

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
While the eve of age is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain—
Harp of Zion! let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again.

OMNIPOTENCE.

(ISAIAH, xl. PSALM civ. &c.)

How mighty is our Father,
Whose throne is in the heaven!
Whose footstool is this spacious earth,
That sprang immediately to birth
When his command was given.

He measured out the waters
In hollow of his hand,
And, as he spread the curtained sky
Around the rolling orbs on high,
The wide creation spanned.

He weighed upon a balance
The everlasting hills,
And portioned out the primal clay
That now, in forms of various ray,
The scene of being fills.

He sits upon the circle
Of the revolving earth ;
And, as the human tumult stirs,
The people are like grasshoppers
That cherup in their mirth.

He touches but the mountains,
And they with terror smoke ;
He frowns—the earth's foundations shake ;
He smiles—and gushing waters break
Profusely from the rock.

He clothes him with the sun-light,
And every tongue is praise ;
He wraps him in the thunder-cloud,
And drives with ruin o'er the proud,
And all the works they raise.

He rides upon the whirlwind,
He walks upon the waves—
His ministers are flaming fire,
That chase, in his consuming ire,
The impious to their graves.

He is the same for ever
To those that on him trust ;
While men and all their boasted hopes
Are scattered like the water-drops—
Like particles of dust.

At last he will extinguish
The brilliant orb of day—
The heavens, with all their stars, shall roll
Together, like a burning scroll,
And earth dissolve away.

Oh ! then, Eternal Father !
Stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And from the overwhelming flame
That racks the scorners of thy name,
Oh ! snatch us like a brand !

THE CURSE OF CAIN.

(GENESIS, iv. 15, 16.)

OH, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing !
Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring—
Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain—
It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And, lo ! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod—
A vagabond smote by the vengeance of God.

All nature to him has been blasted and banned,
For the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand ;
And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung,
For cheering his heart or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumber shall start,
And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—
Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair ;
For her tender caress, and her innocent breath,
But stir in his soul the hot embers of wrath.

And his offering may blaze—unregarded by Heaven ;
And his spirit may pray—yet remain unforgiven ;
And his grave may be closed—but no rest to him bring :
Oh, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing !

THE DEAD.

(JOB, xiv. 12, 21.)

How sleep the dead, who in the clay
Forget each pang this being gave !
Nor midnight storm nor morning's ray
Can break the slumbers of the grave.

Though there no tender mother sit
To watch her infant's closed eyes,
To see the dream-smile flush and flit—
Yet, oh, how still the baby lies !

Though there no spousal arms be pressed
Around the fair and youthful bride,
No cheek repose on beauty's breast—
Yet loved ones slumber side by side.

Though thunders roll from vale to vale,
Though battles fill the world with woes,
Though widows weep and orphans wail—
Yet calmly there the dead repose.

Though sunshine gild the summer scene,
Though wild birds sing and wild bees hum,
Though flowers be fair and leaves be green—
Yet all to them is dark and dumb.

Their sons may rise to mount a throne,
May bear the chains that gall the slave—
'Tis all the same—the dead sleep on,
Till Heaven's last trumpet reach the grave.

THE GOOD MAN.

(PSALM cxxviii.)

THE good man alone has the hope to be blessed,
For the Lord out of Zion hath promised to bless him;
The fruits of his toil shall be safely possessed,
And the angels have charge that no evil distress him.

His wife—like the vines by his care that have throve,
And brought forth their grapes for the season of
gladness—
Shall nurse at her bosom the fruits of their love,
And lift up his heart in the moment of sadness.

His babes—like the beautiful emblems of peace—
Like the branches of olive, shall blossom and flourish;
And the hearts of the parents in joy shall increase
When the hands that they nourished are held forth
to nourish.

The good man's existence all placidly runs,
For no war-cloud around his Jerusalem gathers—
Till his seasons be full, and the sons of his sons
Shall carry his bones to the tomb of his fathers.

TRUST IN GOD.

(PSALM xlii. &c.)

To thee, O God! to thee
My prayers like silent dews arise,
When labour shuts his weary eyes,
And through the moonless, midnight skies,
The startling whirlwinds flee—
While I, upon my wakeful bed,
The tears of friendless anguish shed

With thee, O God ! with thee
My spirit seeks communion still—
As pants the hart for summer rill,
The exile for his native hill,
The prisoner to be free :
For men, athirst to shed my blood,
Surround me like a raging flood.

In thee, O God ! in thee
I evermore shall place my trust,
For thou art merciful as just ;
And when I sorrow in the dust,
Thou shalt my sorrow see,
And over me thy wings shalt cast,
To hide me till the storm be past.

But thee, O God ! but thee,
To whom can I address my wail ?
For in this dark and tearful vale,
When heart and flesh do faint and fail,
Thou shalt my succour be—
Shalt stretch thy right hand from the skies,
And take me from mine enemies.

SOLITUDE.

(PSALM lv. 6, 7.)

O HAD I the wings and the speed of a dove,
How soon would I take me away
From men who can fashion the language of love
While their hands are preparing to slay

And though I might herd with the beasts of the chase,
And fare like the worm of the clod,
I should hide me afar in some desolate place,
Where none could pursue me—but God.

And there he would come on his chariot, the cloud,
When the winds of the winter were high ;
And there he would speak when the thunder was loud,
And the lightning enveloped the sky ;
And there he would walk in his garment of light,
When the curtains of darkness withdrew ;
And there he would look from his stars in the night,
When the blossoms were drinking the dew.

And there should my praises arise with the morn,
And close with the closing of day ;
And there should I flee, when my life was outworn,
Like the mists of the mountain away.
For there, though no sister might shroud my remains,
No brother spread o'er me the sod,
My body would mix with the winds and the rains,
While my spirit arose to its God.

“ A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.”

(PROVERBS, xii. 4.)

THOU askest what hath changed my heart,
And where hath fled my youthful folly—
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye—as soft and blue as even,
When day and night are calmly meeting—
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip
Like dew-drops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey-bees all crowd to sip,
And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming, ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
That sets the stream a-flowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast
Even like the harp-string's holiest measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest
And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly—
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

THE FATE OF MAN.

(JOB, i. 21.)

MAN comes into this vale of tears
A weak and weeping child—
A thing appalled by many fears,
By many hopes beguiled.

Awhile his vernal blossoms spread,
Like those of Sharon's vale,
That drink the tears by evening shed,
And breathe the morning gale.

The parent boughs that o'er him grow,
Defend him as he springs ;
And kindred flowers beside him blow,
To which he fondly clings.

But soon the parent branches fall,
The kindred flowrets fade,
And he remains bereft of all
His comfort and his aid.

Yes ! friend on friend—the most endeared—
Pass like the passing wave ;
And his affections are transferred
To worlds beyond the grave.

A lonely thing, a few short years
From hope and joy removed,
He sojourns in this vale of tears—
Then goes to them he loved.

THE FALL OF JERICO.

(JOSHUA, vi.)

“ YE warriors of Israel, encompass the wall
“ Of this infidel city, that's destined to fall !
“ Ye Levites, go carry the ark of our God
“ Round the fortified bounds of this Gentile abode !

“ And tell by the trump, while your voices are dumb,
“ That the merciless hour of its suffering is come.”

So once every day, till the sixth day had run,
They compassed the city as due as the sun ;
So, as Joshua cammanded, the trumpets were blown,
To tell that the reign of its glory was gone ;
So the leagure began—and the ominous din
Shook the heart of the heathen that trembled within.

“ Ye warriors of Israel ! ye Priests of the Lord !
“ Ye last with the ark, and ye first with the sword !
“ On the seventh day go ye seven times round
“ This city of Canaan that cumpers the ground ;
“ And, when 'tis accomplish'd, the trump shall be
 blown,
“ The people shall shout, and the walls be o'erthrown.”

Around and around went the ark of the Lord—
Around and around went the armed with the sword—
Around and around the wide circle they passed—
Till the city did reel like a drunkard at last.
And then came the shout, and the trumpets' long sound,
And the high walls of Jericho fell to the ground.

“ Now rush to the slaughter—ye Israelites, rush !
“ For the blood of the young and the aged shall gush ;
“ And the husband and spouse in their dwelling shall
 fall,
“ And the sheep in the pen, and the ox at the stall :
“ And cursed be he, in the name of the Lord,
“ By whom shall this city at last be restored !”

The slaughter began—and the city was drunk
With the red streams that flowed from the crowds as
they sunk—
From the youth that was strong, and the maid that was
gay,
And the stricken in years, and the child of a day :
Till the fire of the victors the carnage consumed,
And Jericho lay in her ashes entombed.

TIME.

(JOB, ix. 25, 26.)

TIME speeds away—away—away :
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets sear ;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts ;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away :
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower ;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that blessed :
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away :
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed—from stage to stage
He bears us on—from youth to age ;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless Eternity.

LAMENT FOR SARAH.

(GENESIS, xxiii.)

OH is the heart that to mine own
The purple tide of being gave,
Now, like a broken cistern, thrown
Into the darksome grave ?

And is the breast to which I clung,
As clings the wild bee to the flower,
Now withered like the rose that sprung
In Arba's summer bower ?

In vain I seek the woodland nook,
The lonely hill, the crowded mart—
I cannot meet the kindly look
Warm from a mother's heart.

And all in vain the lyre is strung,
To chase my drooping thoughts away—
While lips that o'er my childhood sung
Are silent in the clay.

Oh ! when the eyelids of the morn
Awake on Mamre's lovely spot—
The blossomed grass, the waving corn—
My mother sees them not.

And when the evening lights expire,
And loud the evening storms are driven,
She comes not near our household fire—
She waits for us in heaven.

THE ROUT OF JABIN.

(JUDGES, iv.)

O LONG shall Tabor's mountain stand,
And heave its head to sun and star,
Like column built by God's own hand
In memory of a righteous war :—
When Barak sped from Issachar,
By Deborah's prophetic word,
And called the Hebrews fast and far
To fight the battle of the Lord !

Forth came the foes of Israel's race,
The host of Jabin—fierce and proud—
Like deer-hounds on their deadly chase,
And numerous as the locust-cloud.
But though their trumpet-note was loud,
And rung through Judah's trembling coasts,
Yet who the impious band can shroud
That wars against the Lord of Hosts ?

In vain they pray—in vain they trust
 To idol-gods of Canaan's land—
 The Jewish spear was keenly thrust,
 And keenly thrust the Jewish brand;
 Even tempests from a mighty hand
 With fury smote the Gentile brave;
 And roaring Kishon left his strand,
 And swept them to a watery grave.

And Sisera, their haughty chief,
 Beheld his scattered remnant fly;
 And skulking, like a guilty thief,
 He fled himself—but fled to die.
 And Deborah and Barak high
 Awoke the harp's triumphant string
 To him who roused both earth and sky
 To war with Hazor's heathen king.

THE WICKED MAN.

(PSALMS xxxvii. cix. &c.)

THE fate of the wicked a season may spare him—
 He may put forth his boughs like the green spread-
 ing bay;
 But the anger of God, like the lightning, shall scare him,
 And his bloom, like the smoke-wreath, be scattered
 away.

He may dig a deep pit as a snare for his brother,
He may spread a dark net for the feet of his friend ;
But the trap he has laid for the fall of another
Shall prove but the cause of his own in the end.

He joyed not in blessing—and blessings flee past him
To the dwellings of those whose destruction he
schemed ;

His pride was in cursing—and curses shall blast him,
As they do rebound from the heaven he blasphemed.

He may spring up like grass in the dews of the morning ;
He may dream of delight—and it is but a dream ;
For he shall be cut down by the hand he is scorning,
And his widow shall shriek and, his orphans shall
scream.

That hand, in the midst of his plots shall confound him,
And blast all the hopes that his spirit enjoyed ;
And the friends of his guilt, that assembled around him,
Shall shudder to see that his dwelling is void.

For the vengeance of God, in its fierce indignation,
Shall blow him away like the chaff on the wind ;
And his name may be sought in the next generation—
But a branch of his stem shall not linger behind.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

(JUDGES, xi. 40.)

O COME, ye maids of Judah ! come
Again to raise the wail of sorrow
For her who, late, in beauty's bloom,
Rose like a flower to greet the morrow :
For her who oft awoke at eve
The song that love and gladness taught her,
Where bosoms now are left to grieve
The early fate of Jephtha's daughter.

Her timbrel, that with pleasure teemed,
Hath stilled its last and fatal quaver ;
Her voice, that like an angel's seemed,
Hath passed away—and passed for ever.
Her lover from the strife may come,
Arrayed in all the spoils of slaughter,
But shall not hear, beside her home,
The welcome song of Jephtha's daughter.

Go bring the dew of Hermon's hill,
That falls when evening clouds are weeping,
Pure as that heart whose pulse is still,
Whose wildest throbs are calmly sleeping :
Go bring the rose of Sharon's plain,
And round her shrine its blossoms scatter—
Sweet flower ! that dies to live again,
In emblem meet of Jephtha's daughter.

PARENTS.

(EXODUS, XX. 12.)

THE voice of nature, yea, the voice of God,
 Commands to honour those that gave us birth—
 Even her, from whose supporting bosom flowed
 By far the sweetest stream that flows on earth ;
 Whose tongue of kindness never knew a dearth
 Of soothing words that could our griefs allay—
 Even him who listened to our prattling mirth,
 Who early taught our infant lips to pray,
 And led our tottering steps to walk in wisdom's way.

A parent is indeed a tender friend,
 And, if once lost, we never more shall find
 A bosom that so tremblingly can blend
 Its feelings with our own congenial mind ;
 Our lips may speak their anguish to the wind
 That hurries heedlessly and wildly by—
 Our hearts, to lonely agony consigned,
 May throb without relief—for no reply
 Comes from the mouldering breasts that in their grave-
 bed lie.

And then we pause to think—alas ! how late !—
 Of deeds that wrung a parent's heart with pain ;
 And, oh ! could we but open death's dark gate,
 And lead them back into the world again—
 Oh ! but once more to see their face !—'tis vain !
 Once more to hear their voice !—'tis sweetly driven
 Across our fancy, and expires—and then
 We wish ourselves away, away to heaven,
 To weep upon their breast, and there to be forgiven.

RUTH.

(RUTH, i. 16, 17.)

OH ! canst thou bid me part from thee ?
 And canst thou leave thy daughter Ruth ?
 The babe that smiled upon thy knee
 Became the husband of my youth—
 Our tears have mingled on the sod
 That wraps him in his dark abode.

He is a magic link, that binds
 Our hearts and griefs where'er we go—
 He was the idol of our minds,
 He is the subject of our wo ;
 And less I mourn while I can claim
 Naomi for a mother's name.

Although no future babe be fed
 By that dear breast on which he hung—
 Although I press a widowed bed
 Till limbs are old that now are young :
 Yet, mother ! I shall ever be
 Thy child—for thou hast none but me.

And where thou goest I will go,
 And where thou dwellest I will dwell ;
 Together shall we toil below,
 Together bid the world farewell.
 The same be our funereal sod,
 The same our people, and our God.

THE FIELD OF GILBOA.

(2 SAMUEL, xxxi.)

THE sun of the morning looked forth from his throne,
And beamed on the face of the dead and the dying :
For the yell of the strife like the thunder had flown,
And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.

And there lay the husband that lately was pressed
To the beautiful cheek that was tearless and ruddy—
Now the claws of the vulture were fixed in his breast,
And the beak of the vulture was busy and bloody.

And there lay the son of the widowed and sad,
Who yesterday went from her dwelling for ever—
Now the wolf of the hills a sweet carnival had
On the delicate limb that had ceased not to quiver.

And there came the daughter, the desolate child,
To hold up the head that was breathless and hoary ;
And there came the maiden, all frantic and wild,
To kiss the loved lips that were gasping and gory.

And there came the consort, that struggled in vain
To stem the red tide of a spouse that bereft her ;
And there came the mother, that sunk mid the slain,
To weep o'er the last human stay that was left her.

O bloody Gilboa ! a curse ever lie
Where the king and his people were slaughtered
together !
May the dew and the rain leave thy herbage to die,
Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests to wither !

FAMILY HARMONY.

(PSALM cxxxiii.)

O SWEET as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
When evening clouds draw thither,
It is for human hearts to see
The members of one family
Live peacefully together.

The children like the lily flowers,
On which descend the suns and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending—
The parents like the gopher boughs,
On which the foliage thickly grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

But leaves the greenest will decay,
And flowers the brightest pass away,
When autumn winds are sweeping ;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death shall soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping.

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave them in the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither ;
And friends that parted at the tomb,
Shall yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.

MORTALITY.

(JOB, iii. ECCLESIASTES, i.)

O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud !
 Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
 He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade, }
 Be scattered around, and together be laid ;
 And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
 Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
 The mother that infant's affection that proved,
 The husband that mother and infant that blest,
 Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
 Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by :
 And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
 Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
 The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
 The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
 The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from they too would
 shrink,
To the life we are clinging to they too would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may
 come ;
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died ! and we, things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud !

THE TRIUMPH OF DAVID.

(1 SAMUEL, xviii. 7.)

Go strike the harp's triumphant tone,
For fallen is the pride of Gath ;
The enemy of Israel's throne
Has stretched his giant limbs in death.
A shepherd from his mountain-path
Came down to view the tented plain,
But saw Goliath yield his breath
Before he sought his flocks again !

Go, wake the song to David's fame !
No chief was he of high command—
No hero he of mighty name,
With mailed breast and glittering brand :
A simple youth—and in his hand
The shepherd's sling, the shepherd's rod,
But mortal strength can ne'er withstand
The delegated power of God.

Go sound the praise of Jesse's son !
By him shall brighter seasons shine :
The aged, when their toils are done,
Shall sit beneath their clustering vine ;
The young shall leave the martial line
To till the fields their fathers tilled ;
And all shall quaff the generous wine
That lovely hands have pressed and filled.

Go sing of Israel's future king !
For corn and oil shall yet abound ;
And milk and honey, like a spring,
Shall overflow the fruitful ground :
And who is worthy to be crowned—
To judge the people by his word—
To bear the sceptre olive-bound—
Who but the anointed of the Lord ?

BATHSHEBA'S CHILD.

(2 SAMUEL, xii. 22, 23.)

AWAY, in despite of my prayers,
In despite of the tears that I shed—
Away from this region of sorrow and cares,
The breath of my infant hath fled.

Oh ! carry the clod that was he
To the cave of the sepulchre-stone :
My bosom is smote by a righteous decree,
And grief overshadows my throne.

Yet I cast the rough sackcloth away,
 I scatter the dust from my head ;
 Although for the sick 'tis our duty to pray,
 'Tis in vain to lament for the dead.

Like the dew-drops that rise to the cloud—
 Like the rivers that rush to the main—
 The soul, that can sleep not in grave or in shroud,
 Departs to its Giver again.

Away on its heavenly flight,
 Which man seeks in vain to descry,
 As silent as thought and as speedy as light,
 It springs to its dwelling on high.

Away on its measureless road,
 Which mortal has never repassed,
 It flies to the sacred pavilion of God,
 Where the holy shall mingle at last.

“ PRAISE THE LORD.”

(PSALM cxlviii.)

O PRAISE the Lord in heaven on high,
 Ye angels that surround the throne !
 Ye sun and moon that from the sky
 So brightly shine—so long have shone !
 Ye stars that journey on and on,
 At morning lost, at eve restored,
 With clouds that round your path are thrown,
 In joyful concert praise the Lord !

O praise the Lord, ye ocean-waves !
Ye winds that drift the arrowy snow !
Ye hills o'er which the tempest raves !
Ye trees that in the valley blow !
Ye beasts that through the forest go !
Ye birds that oft to heaven have soared !
Ye insect tribes that creep below !
All, all conspire to praise the Lord !

O praise the Lord, ye kings of earth,
From whom the nations wait their doom !
Ye people all of humbler birth,
Whose steps may walk in transient gloom !
Ye youths of strength ! ye maids of bloom !
Ye children, with your earliest word !
Ye old men tottering round the tomb !
All, all combine to praise the Lord !

THE CAPTIVES.

(PSALM cxxxvii.)

By the rivers of Babel we sat in our sorrow,
And wept when we thought of our Zion afar ;
For no joy came to us with the beam of the morrow,
And no quiet arrived with the eve and her star.

And oft, when the winds through the willows were
sighing,
We hung up our harps with a tear on their chord ;
For there they that carried us captive from Zion
Required us to sing them a song of the Lord.

But how—while the rod of oppression waved o'er us,
While we toiled for the hands that compelled us to
 roam,
While a journey of bondage lay darkly before us—
 Could we sing for the spoilers that wasted our home !
O Salem ! dear Salem ! if I do forget thee,
 May my right hand be shrunk as it sweeps o'er the
 chord !
O city of God ! when I cease to regret thee,
 May my tongue be struck dumb mid the song of the
 Lord !

UBIQUITY.

(PSALM cxxxix. 7, 8, 9, 10.)

THERE is a Spirit in the wilderness,
Though all the winds be sleeping, and the brooks
 Elapsing down their shores
 As quietly as dreams—
Though all the breathing creatures of the earth
Have stilled their voices, and the only sound
 That strikes thy listening ear
 Be from thy beating heart.

Who sends the sun of morn, the dew of eve,
And all those heavenly visitants that bring
 Glad tidings to the scenes
 Which man hath never trod ?
Who bids the moss with living greenness clothe
The naked rocks, that happiness may flow
 Down to the grasshopper,
 And creatures more minute ?

Who—hadst thou wing of angel to approach
The limits of creation, to pursue
 Thy journey through the vale
 Of darkness and of death,
To visit heavens beyond the flight of thought—
Who, with an universal presence, still
 Would never once be found
 A moment from thy side ?

Go ask thy heart these questions—when the moon
Shines on the breathless midnight, and the eyes
 Of human things are closed
 In temporary death—
Go ask thy heart—What Spirit thus abides
In every region ? thus minutely works
 In deserts ? And thy heart
 Shall answer—" It is God !"

THE DESPONDENCY OF JOB.

(JOB, xiv. 13 ; xxx. 1, 14, &c.)

OH ! I was like a stately tree
 That by the quiet water grows,
To which for food the hungry flee,
 The weary for repose.

But sorrow, like the flooded stream
 That spreads destruction round and round,
Burst in upon my blissful dream,
 And crushed me to the ground.

Yet I, without a murmuring tongue,
 Could see my worldly wealth depart :
But, oh ! my children, they were wrung
 Like blood-drops from my heart.

Ay, all the tender babes that crept
 Around my guardian knees to pray—
In pride of beauty—all were swept,
 Like summer flowers, away.

And here I sit, with garments torn,
 With dust upon my wretched head,
A bloated corpse, a public scorn,
 Loathed like the rotting dead.

O for the days that now are gone,
 That hope and comfort could afford,
When on my happy footsteps shone
 The candle of the Lord !

But He has wrapt me in the dark,
 With fainting heart and fading eye ;
And set me as a trembling mark
 At which his arrows fly.

Oh, hide me in the house of death,
 And let me there in secret be ;
And when is past thine hour of wrath,
 O Lord ! remember me !

THE VOICE OF THE LORD.

(Job, xxxviii.)

FROM the whirlwind thus thundered the voice of the
Lord :—

How vain is thy boasting—how weak is thy word !
In the presence of Him, that has formed thee of dust,
Dar'st thou think to be holy or hope to be just ?

Where wast thou, O man of ephemeral birth !
When on nothing I laid the foundations of earth ?
When the hymn of creation triumphantly flowed
From the stars of the morn and the angels of God ?

Where wast thou, O child of the wise and the proud !
When I covered the sea with its garment the cloud,
When I ordered its waters from valley and hill,
And shut up its chambers, and bade it be still ?

Say, hast thou commanded the day-spring on high
To know its due hour at the gates of the sky ?
Or hast thou descended alone on thy path,
To open the doors of the shadow of death ?

Say, hast thou discovered the dwelling of light,
And found out thy way to the home of the night ?
Or entered the treasures of hail and of snow,
Which I keep for the season of battle and wo ?

Canst thou tell who engendered the dew and the rain
That nourish the herbage of mountain and plain ?
Or the frost that dismantles the flower and the tree,
And stretches a path o'er the depths of the sea ?

Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds as they pass,
And call down their waters to moisten the grass?
Or send forth the lightnings to blast and devour,
And shew to the nations thy wrath and thy power?

Canst thou tell who to mortal his wisdom hath given?
Who stays in their fury the tempests of heaven?
Who deigns to provide for the lions' abode,
And the ravens that cry in their hunger to God?

THE FLOOD.

(GENESIS, vii.)

THE Lord beheld, from highest heaven,
That all the earth had gone astray,
And grieved that breath had e'er been given
To such corrupted things of clay :
He bade the foaming ocean rush
In fury from its ancient place—
He bade heaven's opened windows gush
Their waters o'er the earth's fair face.
For God had said that all should die
But Noah and his family.

Ah ! who the people's dread may tell,
When, wakening from their guilty dream,
They saw within their native dell
The rolling and the rising stream—

They saw the floating ark afar
Along the billowy waters driven,
Even swiftly as a glittering star
Behind the hurrying clouds of heaven ?
Merciful God ! how would they cry
Upon thy name in agony !

And they would to the mountains speed,
While fast behind the waters rise—
The aged with the hoary head,
The youthful with the sparkling eyes,
The mother with her babe at breast,
The father with his tottering child,
All with one common fear impressed,
All with one common terror wild—
All shrinking from the scenes that lie
Before them in eternity.

And now, on every mountain-top,
A crowd of trembling mortals stands ;
And, though bereft of every hope,
All raising the imploring hands,
All lifting the beseeching voice,
As nearer still the waters come :
Save when the wave's appalling noise
Hath struck the frenzied tremblers dumb,
In that dark state of blank dismay
That knows not what to do or say.

And o'er them now the waters rise—
O God ! the rush, the shriek, the prayer !
And now all breathing nature dies
In one loud yell of wild despair !

Save those that of the watery world
May now enjoy a human home—
Save those that yet, with wing unfurled,
Skim feebly o'er their graves of foam—
Save those that sail securely by
With Noah and his family.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

(PSALM xxiii.)

THE Lord is my shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures of beauty are growing,
And guideth my steps, from the world and its woes,
Where the waters of quiet are flowing.

He strengthens my spirit, he leadeth my path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me ;
And e'en when I walk through the valley of death
His rod will be there to uphold me.

By the hand of Almighty my table is spread
In the presence of those that abhor me ;
And the oil of rejoicing is poured on my head,
And my cup runneth over before me.

O goodness and mercy will leave me no more—
Will leave my dark pilgrimage never
And I shall abide, when my journey is o'er,
In the house of my Maker for ever.

THE KING OF BABYLON.

(ISAIAH, xiv.)

AND, lo ! the victor's power is gone !

The tyrant's reign is o'er !

The conquering King of Babylon

Hath tumbled from his guilty throne

To plague the world no more :

For, by a mightier Prince's stroke,

His sceptre and his staff are broke.

Even hell is moving from beneath

To meet the crownless king,

And stirring up the chiefs in death

To hail him on his downward path

With mockery's poisoned sting—

“ Art thou become like one of us ?

“ And has thy glory ended thus ?”

How art thou fallen, chief of war !

Who in thy madness cried—

“ I will exalt my throne afar

“ Above the cloud, above the star,

“ Above earth's changeful tide ;

“ And, mid the everlasting sky,

“ Hold equal sway with the Most High.”

But, lo ! disturber of a world !

Thy impious pride to quell,

God's vengeance is against thee hurled,

And, mid thy boasting, thou art whirled

Down to the depths of hell—

Even like a rushing star, whose glare

Can turn the nations to despair.

Even thou—who, in thy boundless wrath,
The trembling tribes destroyed,
Who with destruction marked thy path,
Who filled the earth with heaps of death,
Who made the city void—
Even thou, in place of purple fold,
Hast now the earth-worms o'er thee rolled.

And while the kings of righteous sway
Have honour in the tomb,
Thy carcass shall be cast away
To hungry things, that prowl and prey
Beneath the midnight gloom ;
And, when the wolf and vulture meet,
Thou shalt become a welcome treat.

Prepare a sword—prepare to slay
The remnant of his race !
For tyrants such as he and they
Must vanish from the face of day,
From earth's renewed face ;
And leave their city, heap on heap,
In undistinguished gloom to sleep.

Speed, besom of destruction ! speed,
Through Babylon to sweep !
The owl shall in the palace breed,
Around the throne shall twine the weed,
The slimy serpent creep ;
And tigers of the wild shall meet
Unscared in the deserted street.

THE ISRAELITES' RETURN.

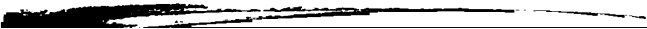
(EZRA, i. 5.)

How sweet to leave behind us far
Unfriendly Babel's toilsome shore,
And march towards the morning star,
To see Jerusalem once more—
To tread the paths our fathers trod,
And raise the temple of our God!

Ah! those that in the grave are deep,
That died where strangers saw them die—
Ah! would not they with transport weep
Could they unfold each death-shut eye,
And see their tribes escape from all
The lords that scourge, the chains that gall!

But kneel and kiss the sacred ground—
Our feet are in the promised land;
And wake the harp's harmonious sound,
Though fainting heart and feeble hand
Refused to strike the lofty chime
Of Salem in a stranger's clime.

Awake a song of joy and praise
To Him who hears the captive's groan,
The bowed down who loves to raise,
Who overturns the tyrant's throne—
A song that filled, and yet shall fill,
The fane on Zion's holy hill.



TO-MORROW.

(PROVERBS, xxvii. 2.)

To-morrow !—mortal, boast not thou
 Of time and tide that are not now !
 But think, in one revolving day,
 How earthly things may pass away.

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
 The youth to beauty's lip may cling ;
 To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
 May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
 Her husband in a fond caress :
 To-morrow—and the hands that pressed
 May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
 The milk-stream from its mother's vein ;
 To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
 That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast
 On herb and fruit, and bird and beast ;
 To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
 The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow !—mortal, boast not thou
 Of time and tide that are not now !
 But think, in one revolving day,
 That even thyself may'st pass away.

THE DOOM OF JERUSALEM.

(LAMENTATIONS, i 1, 2, 3.)

WAIL, Salem ! O wail
At the fall of thy glory,
And load the wild gale
With the woes of thy story !
For the Roman's proud sway
From the earth shall efface thee,
And thus shalt thou pay
For the crimes that disgrace thee.

The morning shall come
To revisit thy splendour,
But each voice shall be dumb
In the halls of thy grandeur ;
And the raven shall croak
Where the organ has sounded,
And the wild leopards flock
Where thy daughters have bounded.

The evening shall fall
O'er the streets that were crowded,
Like a deep sable pall
On the face that is shrouded :
For thy children shall stray,
Mid affliction and danger,
Away and away
Through the land of the stranger.

Ay, far shall they go
In oppression and trouble,
And be tossed to and fro
Like the leaves and the stubble :

Yet each little band
Shall together be clinging,
And in every far land
Songs of Zion be singing.

And long thou'lt remain
Like a lone widow mourning,
That looks all in vain
For her spouse's returning ;
For ages shall sweep
On the wings of the morrow,
While still thou shalt weep
In the gloom of thy sorrow.

Long silence shall reign
Where the ruin-moss gathers,
Ere the Hebrew regain
The loved land of his fathers.—
Wail Salem ! Oh, wail
At the fall of thy glory,
And load the wild gale
With the woes of thy story !*

* I hope I have committed no crime in transferring, from the time of Nebuchadnezzar to that of Titus, the Prophet's images of the desolation of Jerusalem.

“ ALL IS VANITY.”

(ECCLESIASTES, xii. 8.)

’Tis vain, with eager heart, to grasp
At earthly joy or earthly treasure ;
For fate shall still thy hand unclasp,
And dash away thy cup of pleasure.

Honour is vain—the voice of fame
Is changeful as the changeful breezes :
Now fans thy glowing heart to flame,
And now thy stream of comfort freezes.

And wealth is vain—the evening gale
Oft strips the bough that bloomed at morning ;
As quickly may thy riches fail,
And plausive lips be turned to scorning.

Friendship is vain—the human heart,
Like wave and wind, no power can bind it ;
To-day may swear—“ We never part !”
To-morrow—and where shalt thou find it ?

And love is vain—for she, so fair,
So full of joy, so free from sorrow,
So fond, so sweet—thy bliss, thy care—
May leave thee for the grave to-morrow.

Yet while, through each deceitful thing,
Time bears thee like a rapid river,
Oh, to the Rock of Ages cling !—
It stands for ever and for ever.

THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

(ECCLESIASTES, ix. 7, 9 ; xi. 9.)

REJOICE, mortal man, in the noon of thy prime !
 Ere thy brow shall be traced by the ploughshare of
 time,
 Ere the twilight of age shall encompass thy way,
 And thou droop'st, like the flowers, to thy rest in the
 clay.

Let the banquet be spread, let the wine-cup go round,
 Let the joy-dance be wove, let the timbrels resound,
 While the spring-tide of life in thy bosom is high,
 And thy spirit is light as a lark in the sky.

Let the wife of thy love, like the sun of thy day,
 Throw a radiance of joy o'er thy pilgrimage way—
 Ere the shadows of grief come, like night, from the
 west,
 And thou weep'st o'er the flower that expired on thy
 breast.

Rejoice, mortal man, in the noon of thy prime !
 But muse on the power and the progress of time ;
 For thy life shall depart with the joy it hath given,
 And a judgment of justice awaits thee in heaven.

THE AGE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

(PROVERBS, xvi. 31.)

How beauteous are the hoary hairs
 That round the withering temples wave
 Of him who, mid religious cares,
 Descends through life's innocuous snares
 Serenely to his grave !

Although his eyes no longer mark
 The brilliant flower, the blossomed tree—
 Yet often, like a radiant spark,
 Shall visions rise, amid the dark,
 Of lovelier lands to be.

Though to his ears no more be given
 The song of bird, the sound of stream—
 Yet oft to him the lyres of heaven
 Shall come, like piping gales of even,
 In many a holy dream.

And though his tottering limbs be weak,
 To bear him through his downward road—
 Yet he no mortal aid may seek
 Who, with a soul resigned and meek,
 Leans on the word of God.

And though his family all have died,
 And left him in the wilds to roam—
 Yet well he knows where they abide,
 And longs to cross the darksome tide
 That keeps him from his home.

A home that opens eye and ear,
And friend restores and strength repairs—
When, in this vale of darkness here,
The grave, perhaps, without a tear,
Receives his hoary hairs.

“RACHEL WEeping.”

(JEREMIAH, xxxi. 15, 16.)

A voice comes from Ramah,
A voice of despair ;
For death's gloomy angel
Is triumphing there :
The children of beauty
His arrows have smote,
And Rachel is weeping
For her's that *are* not.

Alas for the parent
Whose hope and whose trust
Are withered and broken
And hid in the dust—
Where the blossom of summer
All lovely appears,
And the dew-drops of evening
Are mingled with tears.

A voice comes from Ramah,
A voice of dismay—
But the words of Almighty
Can soothe it away ;
For they tell of a region
Where grief is forgot—
And Rachel is solaced
For those that *are* not.

THE POOR.

(PROVERBS, xvi. 8; xvii. 1.)

OH, better are the earnings of the poor,
Enjoyed with thankfulness before the Lord,
Than all the treasured heaps—how insecure !—
That mammon-worshippers have ever stored—
Have wrung, perhaps, in seasons of distress,
Even from the widowed and the fatherless.

And better is a crust of coarsest bread,
Where love gives sweetness to the homely fare,
Than at the sumptuous banquet to be fed,
If comes the spirit of contention there—
To fill the bosom with perpetual strife,
And drink up all the sympathies of life.

Yet he whom riches and the world's applause
Have turned to folly, vanity, and pride,
Will oft transgress the equitable laws
Of human charity—will oft deride,
As senseless images of earth or stone,
The poor, whose hearts are nobler than his own.

He little knows the feelings, warm and deep,
The poor man's household that in union bind ;
He little knows what happiness they reap
From virtuous conduct with devotion joined—
What prayers may rise from the obscure abode,
And find acceptance at the throne of God !

HUMAN LIFE.

(ECCLESIASTES, iii. 1, 2, &c.)

In the morning of life, like the morning of day,
All nature is glistening with sunshine and dew :
And the blossoms of summer that bloom by our way
Appear as they never could pass from our view :
Among the sweet haunts of our childhood we roam,
As light as the wild-bee that hums on the wing,
And with voice of rejoicing we gladden our home,
Like the swallows that chant from its eaves in the
spring.

In the noon-tide of life, like the noon-tide of day,
All is radiant around, and beneath, and above ;
And the wild-flowers expand every leaf in the ray,
And our hearts are awaked by the sun-light of love :
The young rose of beauty is fair to our eye,
And all blooming and pure in our bosom 'tis laid
And we wish in our bosom it ever could lie,
Unwithered by tempest, unclouded by shade.

In the evening of life, like the evening of day,
The shadows descend on the woods and the bowers !
And we look for the friends that were lovely and gay,
But, alas ! they have mouldered to dust like the
flowers :

Yet the star of the twilight appears in the sky,
To bear her bright lamp to the gate of the morn—
So faith points our way to a region on high,
Where the friends shall be found that had left us
forlorn.

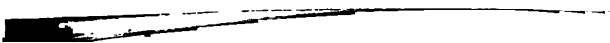
THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

(PSALM xc. 9-12.)

THE watch is past !—another year,
Another transient year is gone,
Like waters that we cannot hear,
To seas that are unknown—

Like arrow from the elastic string,
Whose trackless path no gazer knew—
Like shadow's evanescent wing,
That over Carmel flew—

Like sweeping of the midnight wind,
That died through Hinnom's dreary plain—
'Tis gone !—but marks are left behind
That ever shall remain.



It leaves no trace upon the sky,
No furrow in the ocean wave ;
Its griefs in human hearts do lie—
Its ruins in the grave.

Ah ! many a happy wife, that hailed
The dawning of the last year's morn,
Is now, when every hope hath failed,
A widow all forlorn.

And many a prattling child, that played
Around a father's, mother's knees,
Is now a bloom without a shade,
A leaflet in the breeze.

And many a man of wealth and power,
Whose heart was proud, whose brow was high,
Is trod like a neglected flower
That on the ground doth lie.

And many a maid, whose hopes were bright
With all that youth and beauty gave,
Is gone from each admirer's sight,
And hidden in the grave.

Such are the ravages of time !
Though passing by on silent foot,
He brings the bud, the blossom's prime,
The autumn's mellow fruit.

He brings us to this mortal life,
And through each scene of being here :
He brings us joy, he brings us strife,
He brings us hope and fear.

But, lo ! he sends the wintry storm
To blight each leaf, to blast each bloom !
And, lo ! he sends the human form
To moulder in the tomb !

Thus, year by year, man's race is run,
And whose in this no mortal knows ;
But many see it now begun
That ne'er shall see it close.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

(ISAIAH, x. xi. xxxv. lv. &c.)

O POUR forth a song of devotion and mirth !
For a vision of glory has come to the earth ;
A light has appeared on the desolate path
Of a people that walked in the darkness of death.

A shadow to man hath been graciously given
Of events that are yet in the secret of Heaven—
Of a Prince who his throne shall establish in peace,
And whose kingdom of truth shall for ever increase.

The chains of the captive shall fall to the ground,
And the prisons be opened for those that are bound,
And the broken in heart shall be gently upborne,
And the mourner in Zion no longer shall mourn.

The blind in the sun-light of day shall rejoice,
And the deaf shall be thrilled with each cherishing voice,
And the feet of the lame shall be swift as the roe,
And the song of the dumb shall with gratitude flow.

The hands of the weak shall no longer be weak,
And the knees of the feeble no succour shall seek,
And the heart of the fearful shall beat like the brave,
When it meets with a friend that is mighty to save.

The desert shall bloom like the rose in its prime,
And the fountains shall spring in the desolate clime,
And the thorn shall give place to the pine-tree of green,
And the myrtle shall flower where the brier-bush hath been.

The wolf and the lambkin together shall meet,
And the leopard repose with the kid at its feet,
And the child shall disport on the hole of the asp,
And the lion shall lead in its infantine grasp.

For nought shall destroy in the mount of the Lord,
Nor the beast with its fang, nor mankind with the sword,
For the knowledge of God o'er the earth shall be spread,
As the ocean-flood covers its measureless bed.

“ THE DAYS OF DARKNESS.”

(ECCLESIASTES, xi. 8.)

ALAS ! that men so proudly talk
Of earthly hope and earthly bliss !
The flower upon its slender stalk
May picture that or picture this

The foam-bell on the billowy sea,
The sunshine on the mountain-top,
The dew-drop trembling on the tree,
May picture bliss or picture hope :
Alas ! that men so vainly boast
Of things that are so quickly lost !

But let them dream that joy shall flow
Perpetual as the mountain-spring—
That fancy evermore shall go
The sweets of future time to bring—
That cloud shall never quench the ray
Which radiates from their glittering sky—
That breeze shall never sweep away
The cheek-rose which delights their eye—
That thorn shall never rise to meet
The gambols of their careless feet.

Ay, let them dream ! But they shall wake
To all the ills from earth that spring—
The heart that faints, the limbs that quake,
The griefs that melt, the thoughts that sting :
For wealth shall, like a bird, take flight,
And leave their lonely homes in gloom ;
And scandal on their names shall light,
Like mildew on the vernal bloom ;
And friends that cheered their mortal path
Shall pass into the vale of death.

And shall they wish to lag behind,
And cling to other forms of clay ?
Again to cheat their easy mind,
Again to see their hopes decay ?

No ! they shall long for rest, that dream
Of fancy leaves for ever safe ;
For bliss that, like a summer stream,
No furious tempest comes to chafe :
A rest that but the grave hath given—
A bliss that's only found in heaven.

LIFE IN DEATH.

(JOB, xiv. 1, 2, 10, 14.)

Lo ! man, the child of woman and of wo,
Fades like the flowers that in the morning blow !
Flies like the shades that skim the mountains o'er !
And ages pass, and he returns no more.

Some ancient writing may record his fame ;
Go, then, and call aloud upon his name :
Rocks may repeat each idle word to thee ;
But he that should have answered—where is he ?

Go, search the tomb of his sepulchral stone :
His bones, his dust, and every trace is gone ;
And where the power to gather them once more,
And form the being that has breathed before ?

There is a Power—O Lord ! that Power thou art !
I feel thy words at my aspiring heart ;
I know that morn shall yet dispel the gloom
Of death, and wake the sleeper from his tomb.

CONCLUSION.

My songs are closed, the holy dream,
 That raised my heart o'er all below,
 Is darkened like the lunar beam,
 And leaves me, 'mid a night of wo,
 To look, and long, and sigh—in vain—
 For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay,
 And yet the skies are clear and bright,
 But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure's ray,
 Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight ;
 For mute is now the tenderest tongue
 That might my simple songs have sung.

And yet, like Gilead's drops of balm,
 They, for a season, stilled my breast ;
 But earth hath not a power to calm
 My spirit in forgetful rest—
 Until I stretch me, side by side,
 With those that loved me, and have died.

They died !—and through a world of gloom,
 Of withering grief, and chilling fear,
 I journey onward to the tomb,
 With scarce a wish to linger here—
 But with a prospect to rejoin
 The friends beloved that once were mine.

THE
HARP OF ZION,
A SERIES OF LYRICS,
FOUNDED UPON
THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES.

Sing praise upon the harp unto our God.
PSALMS.

INTRODUCTION.

AGAIN, sweet Harp of Zion ! once again,
With trembling hand, I wake thy holy strain ;
With trembling hand, I sweep thy sacred chord,
That pour'd, of old, its music to the Lord—
By prophet-bards, to whom the power was given
To raise the songs they now repeat in heaven :
By faithful Moses, when the ocean-tide
Roll'd o'er the Egyptians in their martial pride ;
By lofty Deborah, when Barak slew
The host of Jabin—an unholy crew ;
By shepherd David, 'mid the mountains lone,
When heavenly light around his spirit shone ;
By exiled Ezra, when, by Babel's streams,
He dreamt of Salem in regretful dreams ;
By wrapt Isaiah, when he hail'd afar,
Through clouds of gloom, Redemption's Morning Star.

O thou ! who form'dst, from the unbreathing clay,
This heart that vibrates to the poet's lay ;
Who form'dst these hands, that even in childhood tried
To tune the harp with an enthusiast's pride ;
Assist me, Heavenly Father ! while I sing
The songs that flow from the prophetic string ;
That fall, like dew-drops, on the heart of grief,
Which, in the world, seeks vainly for relief ;

That steal, like moon-beams, o'er the mind of gloom,
Which broods, in sorrow, round a kindred tomb ;
That come, like voice of angel, to foretell
The endless bliss where sainted spirits dwell ;
Assist me, lest the dark delusive dream
Of mortal passion mar the immortal theme ;
Assist me, Heavenly Father ! for the strain,
Unsanctified by thee, is sung in vain.

THE HARP OF ZION.

THE CREATION.

(GENESIS, i.)

From the throne of the Highest the mandate came forth,
The word of Omnipotent God ;
And the elements fashion'd his footstool, the earth,
And the heavens his holy abode :
And his Spirit mov'd over the fathomless flood
Of waters that fretted in darkness around,
Until, at his bidding, their turbulent mood
Was hush'd to a calm, and obedient they stood
Where he fix'd their perpetual bound.

By the word of Omnipotence, valley and hill
Were clothed with the grass and the flower ;
And the fruit-tree expanded its blooms by the rill,
And the nourishing herb in the bower ;
And the sun of the morning—the fountain of light—
Threw his cherishing rays through creation afar ;
And the region of darkness—the season of night—
The sister of chaos—grew beauteous and bright
By the beams of the moon and the star.

By the word of Omnipotence, nature brought forth
The fish, and the beast, and the bird ;
And they play'd in the waters, and browsed on the
earth,

And the air by their carol was stirred ;
And man, in the image and likeness of God,
Erected his person majestic and tall ;
And though, like a worm, he was form'd of the clod,
Yet, the favourite of Heaven, he conspicuously trod
The lord and possessor of all.

From the work of creation, which rose by his word—
When finish'd the heavens and the earth—
On the seventh day rested th' Omnipotent Lord,
As he look'd on each beautiful birth :
On the firmament, stretch'd from the east to the west,
On the far-flowing sea, and the fast-teeming land ;
And he saw they were good—and the Sabbath was
blest—
The Sabbath !—the sanctified season of rest
To creatures that came from his hand.

SONG OF MOSES.

(Exodus, xv.)

OH, I unto the Lord will sing,
For he hath triumph'd gloriously ;
The horse and rider, slave and king,
He plung'd into the whelming sea :
Yea, he is God the gods among,
My strength, my saviour, and my song !

He is my God—I will prepare
A habitation meet for him ;
My father's God—I will declare
His name between the cherubim ;
He is a man of war—the sword
Of monarch melts before the Lord.

At his command, the waters stood
Even upright as a gather'd heap,
While Pharaoh's numerous host pursued
The Hebrews through the open'd deep ;
At his command, the yawning waves
Closed o'er the heathen's shroudless graves.

And yet the fierce Egyptian cried,
" I will pursue, I will o'ertake,
" I will fair Israel's spoil divide,
" I will my thirst of vengeance slake !"
But, lo, while rushing madly on,
He sunk in ocean like a stone !

But thou, O Lord ! thou broughtest forth
The people whom thou hadst redeem'd,
Who walked, as o'er the plains of earth,
Where once the ocean-billows stream'd :
Thou brought'st them forth, by thy right hand,
Unto their father's promised land.

Who is like thee, Almighty God !
In glory and in holiness ?
Thy wondrous works are all abroad,
Thy fearful praises all confess ;
Thy foes, upon their impious path,
Consume like stubble in thy wrath.

The Gentile tribes shall shrink to meet
This chosen race, O Lord ! of thine ;
And fear shall reign through every street
Of Edom, Moab, Palestine ;
And Canaan from them melt away
Like snow-flakes in the sun of day ;

Until thy people pass the ford
Of Jabbok and of Jordan's flood,
And reach the mountain of the Lord,
Where offerings yet shall pour their blood,
And praises fill the holy fane
Where thou, my God ! wilt ever reign.

Oh, I unto the Lord will sing,
For he hath triumph'd gloriously ;
The horse and rider, slave and king,
He plung'd into the whelming sea ;
Yea, he is God the gods among,
My strength, my saviour, and my song !

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

(GENESIS, ii.)

THE mighty Lord of heaven and earth,
By Gihon's pure and placid stream,
That from the new-born hills came forth,
To sparkle in the sun's young beam,
Upraised, all lovely as a dream
To hearts of holy feeling given,
The garden-bowers with joy that teem
For the peculiar wards of Heaven :—

For man and woman—blessed pair !
In innocence and beauty made ;
With sinless lips to breathe the air,
Whose odorous gales around them played ;
With hearts as pure as dew-drops laid
Within the rose's virgin breast ;
With souls that never felt a shade
Of gloom upon their prospects rest.

O blessed state ! O happy souls !
Whose feelings intermingling flow
Like meeting streams, whose current rolls
Unstopped by barrier-rocks below ;
Whose hearts, unwrung by jealous throe,
Untouched by boding fears of death,
Cling to the hopes that round them shew
A fair and everlasting path !

Delightful world ! how happy they,
To kneel upon the flowery sod,
At coming, at departing day,
And pour their fervent praise to God !
While angels, from their blest abode,
Beyond the radiant stars of even,
Oft meet, on their descending road,
The anthem on its way to heaven.

DEATH.

(JOB, xiv. 18-20.)

By thee, mighty Lord, who abidest in heaven,
 The hills and the rocks are remov'd from their stay ;
 And to man, when his stated existence is given,
 Thou changest his count'nance and send'st him
 away.

The rose-bud of youth, though perchance in its prime,
 On the cold cheek lies wither'd and white as the
 snows ;
 And the spring-gale, that comes with its warmth to each
 clime,
 Can revive not the blossom that never reblows.

The eye that was bright with the radiance of joy,
 Is clos'd like an evening that closes in gloom ;
 And the morning that shines on the peasant's employ,
 Can arouse not the sleeper whose couch is the tomb.

The lips that could warble a soul-moving strain,
 Are breathless and mute as a timbrel unstrung ;
 And the hand of the minstrel can wake not again,
 The music that sleeps where the grave-flowers have
 sprung.

On the brow where no traces of sorrow appeared,
 The earth-worm shall creep in its tenement cold ;
 But the nerves of the sleeper are silent and seared,
 And he knows not the spot where its circles a
 roll'd.

By thee, mighty Lord, who abidest in heaven,
The flowerets decline, and the forests decay ;
And to man, when his stated existence is given,
Thou changest his count'nance and send'st him
away.

MORNING HYMN.

(PSALM xxxix. 12.)

O LORD ! let the light of thy love
Illumine this spirit of sorrow,
Like the radiance that streams from above,
To brighten the valleys of morrow ;
That the shadows of sin may depart
Like the night-cloud that sweeps o'er the mountain,
And the life-pulse that throbs in my heart
Be pure as the gush of the fountain.

And now, while with pleasure I tread
Through the lilies that bud and that blossom,
And mark the pure drops that are shed,
To wipe every stain from their bosom,
Thus, thus send the dews of thy grace
To this heart that with anguish is heaving,
And blot out each sorrowful trace
Of the errors for which it is grieving.

And now, while delighted I hear
The song that the wild-bird is singing,
The song that is brought to my ear,
By the breeze that the rose-scent is bringing,

Thus, thus may I warble my strain,
While my soul with devotion is thrilling,
And the plenty that waves on each plain,
My heart is with gratitude filling.

And now, as I tranquilly mark
The stars of the night disappearing,
Like the sails of a vanishing bark,
As their journey to heaven they were steering,
O Lord! let me quietly go,
When the shadows of death gather o'er me,
From this region of crime and of wo,
With a prospect of glory before me.

BIRTH OF BENJAMIN.

(GENESIS, xxxv. 18.)

BENONI! thou son of my sorrow,
I die by the pangs of thy birth!
And the sun shall arise on the morrow,
And find me no longer on earth;
And thou shalt be nursed by another,
And thou shalt be beauteous and brave,
When the head and the heart of thy mother
Repose in the gloom of the grave.

Yet sweet were the hopes that I cherish'd,
As I thought—though unborn—upon thee;
When thou by my breast should'st be nourish'd,
When thou should'st be rock'd on my knee;

When thou with thy prattle should'st cheer me,
As lisping a mother's sweet name ;
When thou in thy strength should'st be near me,
When sadness and suffering came.

Oh, thou, my young son ! thou canst know not
The anguish that throbs in my heart ;
And thy tear-drops of sorrow shall flow not
To see thy fond mother depart :
Yet when thine own brethren shall tell thee
Of her thou canst meet with no more,
Thou shalt weep o'er the loss that befell thee—
The affectionate mother that bore.

I leave thee, Benoni ! I leave thee,
For the silence and sleep of the dead ;
But though God of a mother bereave thee,
A father shall be in her stead.
I leave thee—but there is a promise
To dying mortality given,
That friends shall rejoin where a home is
Prepar'd for the righteous in heav'n.

THE STAR OF JACOB.

(NUMBERS, xxiv. 17.)

THE Star of Jacob yet shall rise
Upon a sad and sinful world,
Like morning from the orient skies,
When night's dark curtain-clouds are furl'd ;

And all the nations of the earth
Afar shall see it glorious shine,
And come with songs of holy mirth,
To hail the great Redeemer's birth,
The advent of the Word Divine.

The Star of Jacob's heavenly light
Shall cheer this lowly vale of tears,
As planet, through the glooms of night,
Upon the wanderer's path appears ;
And from temptation's guileful snares,
And o'er affliction's stormy tide,
And 'neath the load of mortal cares,
And through the toils that mortal bears,
It shall the faithful pilgrim guide.

The Star of Jacob's holy beam,
Shall fade not with the fading even,
But meet the pious pilgrim's dream,
And draw his footsteps on to heaven ;
And when the soul, with parted breath,
Is parted from its crumbling clod,
It shall illumine the darksome path
That stretches through the vale of death,
And bring him safely to his God.

REMORSE.

(JOB, xx. 12, 13, 14.)

Wo! wo to him whose heart is black,
With evil deeds that sting and stain,
And blasted like the lightning's track,
That stretches o'er the summer plain !

To him, for all it doth contain,
 Its sun and sky, its flowers and streams,
 The earth is but a dark domain,
 All swarming with terrific dreams !

The flower that opens to the sky,
 And sparkles in the morning rays,
 Reminds him of the purity,
 The loveliness of former days ;
 The stream that all untroubled strays
 Through lily banks and palmy bowers,
 Reminds him of his blissful ways,
 Ere sin had wither'd all their flowers.

His memory of the seasons past
 Is but of pleasures that have fled
 Away, like rose-leaves on the blast,
 Away, like the departed dead ;
 His future hopes, that wont to shed
 A radiance through his hours of gloom,
 Are dreary as the shades that spread
 Around a murderer's midnight tomb !

His waking thoughts are like a flame
 That burns within him—fierce, though dim !
 Like fever in his wasting frame,
 That thrills through every quaking limb :
 His dreams of rest—no rest to him—
 Are fill'd with phantoms of affright ;
 Phantoms of happy days that swim
 Around him on the clouds of night.

His life is an oppressive load,
That hangs upon him like a curse ;
For all the pleasure-thoughts that glow'd
Are now extinguish'd by Remorse !
And death—oh, death ! 'tis worse ! 'tis worse !
How dreadful in the grave to lie,
Yet sleep not !—evermore to nurse
The worm that will not, cannot die !

Wo ! we to him !—his name is felt
Like poison on the pious tongue :
He dare not kneel, as once he knelt
In prayer to God, when pure and young :
Yet cling to God as thou hast clung,
Lorn wretch ! amid thy spirit's strife :
Repent, while thus thy heart is wrung,
For there is hope while there is life.

THE WAR-HORSE.

(JOB, xxxix. 19-26.)

SAY, who to the war-horse his valour bestow'd ?
His vigour of limb who hath given ?
His neck cloth'd with thunder to bound on his road,
Like a bolt that descends from its cloudy abode,
In the fearful commotions of heaven ?

Canst thou make him afraid, like the'grashopper small,
That chirps in its summer-tide glee ?
Even him, in his warlike habiliments all,
Even him, from whose nostril the breath-billows fall,
Like the foam of the turbulent sea.

He neighs in his joy when the trumpets resound,
The battle he smells from afar ;
And, swift as an eagle-bird darts to the ground
In pursuit of its prey, away with a bound
He hurries him on to the war.

He swallows the earth in his fierceness and pride,
He meets with the sword and the spear ;
He feels the barb'd arrow sink deep in his side,
He plunges his hoofs in the human blood tide—
Yet he knows not the quiverings of fear.

Say, who to the war-horse his valour bestow'd ?
His vigour of limb who hath given ?
His neck cloth'd with thunder to bound on his road ?—
Even he, even he, the Omnipotent God,
Who rules in the armies of heaven.

EVENING HYMN.

(2 SAMUEL, xii. 23.)

O LORD ! while the shadows of eve are descending
On the mountain and valley, the forest and rill,
While down to their tent-vale the herdsmen are
wending,
And the star of the twilight looks over the hill,

Oh, hear thou my prayer, as alone I am kneeling,
By the couch that is ready to take me to sleep,
Oh, hush the wild throbbings of agonized feeling
That heave for the kindred that left me to weep.

The moon, that arises in glory and gladness,
To brighten the path of the wild ocean-waves,
Now shines, to my fancy, in silence and sadness,
On death's dreary temple—the mansion of graves :
Ah! there the fond parents, who nurs'd in their
bosoms

The heart that now melts in its desolate woes,
And the brethren, who grew by my side like the
blossoms,
Are laid to their darksome and dreamless repose.

The ties are now broke, to existence that bound me,
The ties that endeared this lone valley of tears ;
For sorrow and care in my journey have found me,
And my cheek-rose is wither'd—not wither'd with
years.

O Lord ! let the dreams that in sleep shall attend me
Be of heav'n and its glory, of transport to be—
For the kindred are gone that in wo could befriend
me,
And I long to be gather'd to them and to thee.*

* This hymn was written for Mr Pettet of Norwich, to be set to music.

SONG OF DEBORAH.

(JUDGES, v.)

PRAISE ye the Lord, the Lord ye praise,
 For Israel, by his mighty hand,
 Hath gained a length of peaceful days,
 Hath driven the oppressor from the land :
 Ye princes, hear ! and hear, ye kings !
 The triumph-song the Hebrew sings.

Lord ! when thou wentest forth of Seir,
 And marched'st down to Edom's plain,
 The earth's foundations shook with fear,
 The heavens dropped their treasured rain ;
 The mountains melted from before
 Thy steps, like billows on the shore.

In Shamgar's days of want and war,
 No traveller trod the public path,
 But stole through mountains lone and far,
 To shun the fierce invader's wrath—
 Till I, even Deborah, arose
 To free a people from their woes.

They chose new gods—even idol—things
 Of earth and stone, which they adored ;
 Unhappy deed ! that on them brings
 The fiery vengeance of the Lord—
 The foes that chased unarmed men,
 Like mountain foxes, to their den.

My heart is tow'rd the chiefs of might,
The noble ones of Israel's race,
Who still were foremost in the fight,
Who gave their swords no resting-place,
Until the life-blood of the slain
Had drenched Judea's fields like rain.

The shepherds, by the water-springs,
In safety now their flocks shall lead ;
The arrowy shower no longer wings
Its flight against each guiltless head ;
And they shall praise, in sweet accord,
The wondrous actions of the Lord.

Awake, O Deborah ! awake
An anthem of triumphal glee ;
And rise, O Barak ! rise and take
All captive thy captivity—
Thou mighty son of Abinoam,
Who tossed the foe like ocean's foam.

Praise to Ephraim and Benjamin,
Who woke the trumpet-note of war :
To Naphtali and Zebulun,
To Machir, too, and Issachar,
Who, in despite of dread and death,
Rushed forward on their victor-path.

But Reuben stayed among the folds,
To listen to the bleating flocks ;
And Dan and Asher kept their holds,
Afar beside the ocean rocks ;
And Gilead crossed not Jordan's flood,
To join the field of strife and blood.

The Kings of Canaan bravely fought,
But Canaan could no triumph boast ;
The planets in their courses brought
Destruction on their heathen host ;
And Kishon raised his rolling waves,
And swept their cohorts to their graves.

And then began the hurrying flight,
The clatterings of the pawing steed,
That from the fierce and fatal fight
Rushed homeward with an eagle's speed ;
But every rider met his fate
Before he reached Harosheth's gate.

Curse Meroz, curse (an angel said)
The people of that guilty place,
Who came not forth, in mail arrayed,
To succour Israel's faithful race ;
Who came not forth, with spear and sword,
To the assistance of the Lord.

But blest, above all women, blest
Shall Jael be, the Kenite brave :
She gave the worn-out warrior rest,
The milk-bowl to his lips she gave ;
And there, while he in slumber lay,
She slew the mighty Sisera.

His mother from the window looked,
And through the lattice fondly cried—
“ Why, to this heart that long hath brooked
The throb of its tumultuous tide,
Why, comes not now, from warlike toil,
His chariot, filled with battle-spoil ?”

So perish all thy foes, O God
So perish all that scorn thy name !
But unto those who long have trod
Thy ways, without reproach or blame,
O give, as to the radiant sun,
A long and glorious race to run !

DOOM OF MAN.

(GENESIS, iii. 17, 18, 19.)

O MAN ! for thy presumptuous crime,
The earth is curs'd through every land ;
And multitudes, in after time,
Shall smart by thy rebellious hand :
The winds that whisper'd through the bow'rs
Shall now be wing'd with mightier pow'rs,
And sweep on their destructive path,
The ministers of heavenly wrath.

The thistle and the thorn shall spring
To choke the harvest's promis'd grain,
And weeds, with noxious tendrils, cling
To fruit-trees, that may bloom in vain ;
The beasts, that innocently play'd
Beneath the cedar's summer-shade,
Shall sport in harmony no more,
But revel in each other's gore.

And with the sweat-drop on thy brow,
And with the tempest on thy head,
In weariness and wo, shalt thou
Toil daily for thy daily bread ;
And it shall be thy future doom,
To hope for joys—that never come ;
To dream of ills—that yet shall dart
Their stings, like serpents, to thy heart.

And fervently thy soul shall dote
On creatures of thy blood and bone,
But in the sunshine of thy lot
The death-bolt comes—and they are gone ;
And thou thyself, when toil and strife
Have dried the fountain-springs of life,
Again shalt be the senseless clod
Of which thou first was form'd by God.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

(GENESIS, xxi. 14-20.)

As Hagar wander'd with her child,
Amid Beersheba's desert wild,
Their cruise of water fail'd at last,
Where no refreshing streamlet pass'd—
And 'neath a shrubby arbour nigh,
Young Ishmael laid him down to die.

But could a mother stay to look
Upon the eyes that light forsook ?
Upon the lips that strove in vain
To still a mother's heart of pain ?
She feebly to a distance crept,
And lifted up her voice and wept.

But, hark ! the angel of the Lord
Lone Hagar's drooping heart restored :—
“ Go raise,” he cried, “ the fainting boy,
For he shall prove a mother's joy,
And mighty nations yet shall be
Descendants of thy son and thee.”

And, lo ! with wonder she espied
A gushing fountain by her side,
At which the empty cruise was filled,
As Ishmael's heavenly Father willed—
And Hagar, with her darling child,
Pursued her journey through the wild.

FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

(DANIEL, v.)

BELSHAZZAR, King of Babylon,
A high and sumptuous feast ordained ;
And there, around his midnight throne,
Wild revelry and riot reigned :

There, while the light of beauty's eye
Its radiance round the banquet poured,
While every princely heart beat high,
And golden idols were adored,
The sacred cups of Israel flowed
With offerings—not to Israel's God.

But in that hour of heathen mirth,
While rung the high and festive hall,
The figure of a hand came forth,
And wrote upon the lightened wall :
The monarch's soul like ocean tost,
His heart its merriment forgot ;
His trembling joints their firmness lost,
His knees against each other smote ;
For well he felt, in every limb,
Some fearful message came for him.

The eye of beauty swam in tears,
Each princely heart was turned to stone,
While thus the death-pale monarch hears
The words that thrilled him to the bone :—
“ King ! thou art in the balance weighed,
And thou art found unfit to live ;
Yea, all thy splendours now displayed
The Lord shall to another give ;
The Lord, ere morrow's sun hath shone,
Shall set Darius on thy throne !”

Like thunder-peal the accents ran
Through every freezing heart that heard :
The reveller's reddened cheek grew wan ;
The gates of iron were unbarred ;

The warlike Persian and the Mede
Rush down the stream's unguarded shore ;
The monarch and the people bleed,
The banquet-hall is drunk with gore ;
And in one wild funereal yell,
The Babylonian empire fell.

THE INFIDEL.

(PSALM xiv, 1.)

THE fool hath said, "There is no God :"
No God !—Who lights the morning sun,
And sends him on his heavenly road,
A far and brilliant course to run ?
Who, when the radiant day is done,
Hangs forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,
And bids the planets, one by one,
Steal o'er the night-vales dark and damp ?

No God !—Who gives the evening dew,
The fanning breeze, the fostering shower ?
Who warms the spring-morn's budding bough,
And paints the summer's noontide flower ?
Who spreads, in the autumnal bower,
The fruit-tree's mellow stores around ;
And sends the winter's icy power
To invigorate the exhausted ground ?

No God !—Who makes the bird to wing
Its flight like arrow through the sky,
And gives the deer its power to spring
From rock to rock triumphantly ?
Who formed behemoth, huge and high,
That at a draught the river drains,
And great leviathan to lie,
Like floating isle, on ocean-plains ?

No God !—Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings soft and sweet,
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet,
And soar away, on pinions fleet,
Beyond the scene of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of an after life ?

No God !—Who fixed the solid ground
On pillars strong, that alter not ?
Who spread the curtain'd skies around ?
Who doth the ocean bounds allot ?
Who all things to perfection brought
On earth below, in heaven abroad ?—
Go ask the fool of impious thought,
That dares to say—"There is no God !"

BURIAL OF ABEL.

(GENESIS, iv.)

O TAKE, mother earth, to thy bosom of clay
 The first human victim of death ;
 For the spirit is fled from its dwelling away—
 Is gone on its heavenly path ;
 And thus we surrender the tenantless form
 To its father, corruption—its sister, the worm !

The being who walk'd in the light of the sky,
 And reposed in the bowers of the world,
 Departs, when the hopes of existence were high,
 Like a star from the firmament hurl'd ;
 And the morning may shine, and the roses may bloom
 In vain for the visionless rest of the tomb.

The hand is decay'd that in piety brought
 The offering accepted by God ;
 And the heart, with devotion and holiness fraught,
 Is cold as a grass-cover'd clod ;
 And mute is the tongue that gave praise to the Lord,
 And dark is the eye that his wonders adored.

O spirit of Abel ! thou earliest unbound
 From the toils and the troubles of earth,
 O plead, when by God thou with glory art crown'd,
 For the parents that gave thee thy birth !
 The parents, alas ! by whose errings began
 The storms of the world, and the sufferings of man !

O plead for thy brother, now smitten by God,
And chased from the presence of men,
Like creatures that come not in day-light abroad,
To couch in his desolate den !
O plead that his prayer of repentance and wo
May be heard where the fountains of mercy o'erflow !

And if the Almighty permit thee to leave
The regions of glory and rest,
O come to our dreams through the shadows of eve,
Like the star that appears in the west ;
And speak to our souls, if permission be given,
Of the pardon of sin and the promise of heaven !

SONG OF HANNAH.

(1 SAMUEL, ii. 1-10.)

My heart rejoiceth in the Lord,
On high exalted is my horn ;
For he hath heard my fervent word,
And unto me a son is born :
Even I, the lonely and forlorn,
That long a childless journey trod,
Can now a Nazarite unshorn
Devote to holiness and God.

Ye favour'd mothers boast no more
Of all your numerous offspring now ;
For he, the God whom I adore,
Regards the humble suppliant's vow:

He breaks the mighty warrior's bow,
He makes the feeble like a rock ;
And throws—as Carmel's cedars throw—
A shelter round his faithful flock.

He makes the barren to rejoice
In children that around them bloom ;
And those that heard an offspring's voice,
To mourn around their early tomb :
He lifts the beggar from the gloom
Of sorrows that around him reign ;
And sinks the monarch to a doom
Of friendless poverty and pain.

He lights the footsteps of the just
Through paths that dazzle and betray ;
And leaves the wicked in the dust,
Bereft of each conducting ray :
By him the living turn to clay,
By him the dead are all restor'd ;
He giveth life—he takes away—
How great and mighty is the Lord !

VISION OF ELIPHAZ.

(JOB, iv.)

At midnight, when refreshing slumbers fall
Upon the weary, like a gentler death,
Fear overcame me in my visions—all
My members shook like willows in the wrath

Of winter winds—upon its noiseless path,
I saw a Spirit pass serenely by—
An image indistinct. My pausing breath
Within me died—my hair stood up, and I
Thus, in my terrors, heard its message from on high:—
“Shall frail and mortal creatures be more just,
More holy than their great Creator—God?
Even in his saints he will not place his trust,
Even in his angels, that have never trod
Earth’s sinful climes—much less in men—a clod
Of breathing dust, whose hopes are in the clay;
Who die before the moth—who, from the abode
Of momentary being, glide away
Into forgetfulness, for ever and for aye.”

Bethink thee, Job! for thou hast often given
Strength to the feeble hand, the feeble knee;
But now that comfort from thy heart is riven,
Lo! thou art faithless in thy misery:—
Bethink thee, Job, that blest alone is he
Whom God corrects—’tis he who maketh sore,
Who bindeth up—the man of piety,
In good old age, shall, like a sail that bore
Her coursethro’ ocean-storms, pass to the eternal shore.

THE RAINBOW.

(GENESIS, viii, ix.)

WHEN the floods of the deluge to ocean had roll’d,
And the green-mantled hills re-appeared;
When the valleys unfolded their blossoms of gold,
And Noah, the patriarch, came forth from his hold,
The voice of Jehovah was heard—

The voice of Jehovah brought tidings of bliss
To the world late entomb'd in the fearful abyss :

“The smoke of thine offering hath come up on high,
Thou father of nations to be !

And now I my rainbow shall set in the sky,
When tempests are dark to thy terrified eye,
That shall bring consolation to thee—

To thousands of thousands that after thee tread
The regions of life to the realms of the dead.

“It is for a sign that I never again

With waters shall cover the earth ;

And the birds in the arbours shall warble their strain,
And the cattle shall browse on the nourishing plain,

And give to their progeny birth :

And die as they died by the curse that I spoke,
When my cov'nant of old by thy father was broke.

“And thou, Noah, thou art preserv'd for thy worth,
To repeople the desolate world ;

To the climes of the south, to the isles of the north,
To the east and the west, shall thy children go forth,

With the white flags of ocean unfurled—

To publish my praises throughout every land,
And the judgments of vengeance that come from my
hand.

“And seed-time and harvest shall duly be given

To the hopes and the hands of mankind ;

And summer and winter, and morning and even,
And the dew-drops of earth, and the light-rays of
heaven,

And the cloud, and the rain, and the wind—

While earth on her orbit is destined to run,
And give her green breast to the beams of the sun."

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

(ISAIAH, xxiii, 9.)

O WHEN vain man begins to tell
The wonders of his story,
How long his heart delights to dwell
Upon his love and glory ;
Upon his youthful strength of limb,
Upon the deeds achieved by him—
Though now his faded eyes be dim,
And now his locks be hoary !

He talks as if his human prime
Had been the prime of nature ;
He talks of men, in former time,
Of more than mortal stature ;
He talks as if the sun of day
With his decaying would decay,
As earth herself would pass away
With such a fragile creature.

Vain man ! the insect in the beam
Of summer's radiant morning,
May have the same delightful dream
Its transient hopes adorning ;
The worm upon the public path,
May think it shall retain its breath
For ever—when 'tis trod to death
By brother mortal's scorning.

Vain man ! and what indeed art thou ?—

A drop amid the ocean,
A leaf in mighty woods that bow
Their heads in wild commotion ;
A particle upon the sand,
A spark within the burning brand,
A dream 'mong thousand visions grand,
'Mong thousand thoughts a notion.

Go to that book which spreads abroad
The tidings of salvation,
And mark the words that are bestowed
Even on a mighty nation—
A lesson that may serve to guide
The self-historian's pen of pride—
“ And Joseph and his brethren died,
“ And all that generation.”

DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

(ISAIAH, xiii.)

Howl Babylon ! howl for the fate of thy land—
The terrible day of the Lord is at hand ;
Like the roar of the ocean, the tumult of war
Is heard from the nations that gather afar ;
Afar they are coming, with banners unfurled,
To sweep thee away, like a cloud, from the world.

The hand of thy strong shall be weak as a child,
And the heart of thy brave shall with terror grow wild,
And the brow of thy haughty shall droop in despair,
And the wail of thy fearful shall float on the air,
And the host of thy mighty, at sight of their foes,
Like a woman in travail, shall shriek in their throes.

Howl Babylon ! howl at the day of thy doom,
When the sun of the dawn shall be darkened in gloom,
And the moon shall grow pale, like a wanderer forlorn,
And the planets that shone of their beams shall be
shorn,
And the heavens shall quake at the anger of God,
And the earth be removed from her ancient abode.

The valiant, who strive with the spear and the sword,
Shall fall in the battle all ghastly and gored ;
And the timorous who fly, like the terrified roe,
Shall be trodden to earth by the feet of their foe ;
And their wives shall be ravish'd, their houses despoiled,
And dash into pieces each innocent child.

Howl Babylon ! howl—for the season shall come
When no mortal shall dwell in thy desolate home ;
But the beasts of the desert shall crowd on thy street,
And the birds of the islands together shall meet,
And the owlet shall hoot, and the satyr shall play,
When thy king and his people have melted away.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

(JON, xxii. 21, 27-28.)

Acquaint thee, O mortal !
 Acquaint thee with God,
 And joy, like the sunshine,
 Shall beam on thy road ;
 And peace, like the dew-drops,
 Shall fall on thy head ;
 And visions, like angels,
 Shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal !
 Acquaint thee with God,
 And the prayer of thy spirit
 Shall reach his abode ;
 And the wish of thy bosom
 Shall rise not in vain ;
 And his favour shall nourish
 Thy heart like the rain.

Acquaint thee, O mortal !
 Acquaint thee with God,
 And he shall be with thee
 When fears are abroad ;
 And in every danger
 That threatens thy path,
 And even in the valley
 Of darkness and death.*

* Written for Mr Pettet.

RIZPAH.

(2 SAMUEL, xxi. 8, 9, 10.)

AH ! who may tell what tears were shed
By Rizpah for the unburied dead ;
While on the gloomy gibbet hung
The corpses in the gales that swung ;
The corpses of her valiant sons,
In which her blood no longer runs ;
Round which her feelings fondly twine
As ivy clasps the sapless pine ?

Ah ! who may tell what fears would start
Within her desolated heart,
When o'er her hung the midnight gloom,
Dark as the darkness of the tomb ;
When tigers, eager for their prey,
Came growling round her as she lay,
And flapping ravens' hunger-croak
The echoes of the desert woke ?

Ah ! who may tell how ached her head
Upon its sleepless sackcloth bed,
While there in sorrow she remained,
Till seven long moons had waxed and waned ;
Till to her fervent prayers were given
The long-expected rains of heaven,
And she to kindred dust consigned
The bones that clattered in the wind ?

Ah ! who may tell what feelings thrill
A mother's bosom—never still,
But ever throbbing to rejoice
The breasts that love her parent voice ;
And ever clinging to their clay,
Even though their spirits pass away ;
Even till her mournful soul, set free,
Rejoins them in eternity ?

SAUL AND JONATHAN.

(2 SAMUEL, I.)

How are the mighty fallen ! how
The beauty of fair Israel falls,
And sorrow broods like darkness now
Round high-built Salem's holy walls !
Yet tell it not in Askelon,
Proclaim it not in heathen Gath ;
Lest proud Philistia's maids be prone
To triumph o'er the warriors' death.

Ye mountains of Gilboa ! ye
Detested fields of grief and gore !
Let dew or rain no longer be
Vouchsafed unto your herbage more ;
And by the sacrificer's knife
There let no future offering fall ;
Where Gentiles broke, in bloody strife,
The shield of Heaven-anointed Saul.

How are the mighty fallen ! he
Who loved me, as a woman loves,
With fervour, faith, and purity,
That time impairs not, but improves—
My Jonathan, who would retire
Before no foe of mortal might ;
Whose sword, like Saul's, his kingly sire,
Returned not empty from the fight.

Oh, swift as eagle-birds that wing
There flight beyond the sphere of man,
As lion strong—the forest king—
Were mighty Saul and Jonathan !
They fell together in the strife,
They rest together unforget ;
For they were lovely in their life,
And in their death divided not.

How are the mighty fallen ! weep,
Ye maids of Israel, round the tomb
Of him who gave those robes that sweep
In scarlet through the glittering room ;
Who gave that gold of brilliant hue
Which sparkles on each heaving breast ;
O maids of Israel ! 'tis for you
To mourn o'er Saul's sepulchral rest.

DEATH-BED OF JACOB.

(GENESIS, xlviii. 21 ; xlix. 22-24, 29-31.)

I DIE, my son ! behold, I die !

But cease, my Joseph, cease to weep ;
For God, who is our strength on high,
Shall thee and all thine offspring keep :
And while his stormy wrath shall sweep
The spoil from many a heathen hand,
Our faithful race shall safely reap
The harvest fruits of Canaan's land.

I die, my son ! behold, I die !

But thou shalt like a cedar grow ;
Shalt lift thy branches to the sky,
And firmly fix thy root below :
For though the archers drew the bow,
And chased thee from thy sire's abode,
Yet thou, where'er thy steps might go,
Wast shielded by the arm of God.

I die, my son ! behold, I die !

And thou shalt lay these limbs distrest
Where Abraham and Sarah lie,
Where Isaac and Rebekah rest ;
Where Leah's fond and feeling breast
To death's consuming couch I gave ;
Where sleep the faithful and the blest,
In far Machpelah's sacred cave.

THE DESCENT OF THE ALMIGHTY.

(PSALM xviii. 7-16.)

THE Almighty, in his anger, bowed the heaven's
Eternal arch, and to the guilty earth

Descended, to destroy

The unrighteous in their sins.

He rode upon a cherub—on the wings

Of the wild winds he flew—darkness as death

Itself, and waters dark,

He his pavilion made.

At his avenging wrath, the conscious earth

Was shaken, and the everlasting hills

Heaved, as the ocean heaves

Beneath the tempest-gale ;

The channels of the deep, where waters dwelt

From the creation, now appeared, and now

The world's foundations stood

Discover'd in their strength.

The Highest gave his voice—the thunders rent

The canopy of heaven, and fear took hold

Upon the guilty hearts

O'erburdened with their crimes :

He shot his lightnings forth, and, as the clouds

Descend in torrents to the thirsty earth,

His foes were swallowed up

By the eternal sea.

Almighty Father! wo to him who brings
Thy vengeance on his head, who dares incur
The dark and dreadful doom
Of everlasting wrath :
But joy to him whose pious spirit walks
Unspotted in thy ways, whose soul shall rise
To swell the song of praise
Around thy throne in heaven.

THE MARINERS.

(PSALM cvii. 21-33.)

O THAT mortals would praise the omnipotent God,
For his wonderful works that are scattered abroad !
O that mortals would bless the beneficent Lord,
For the help that in danger his mercies afford !

To those that go down to the turbulent seas,
In their white sails that speed like a bird on the breeze,
What wonders appear in the watery domain,
Where leviathan sports like a kid on the plain !

At the word of Jehovah the billows arise,
Like the mountain of Sinai that reaches the skies,
And the vessels are tossed like a leaf in the blast,
And the mariners stand in their terrors aghast.

At the word of Jehovah the billows divide,
And the channels of ocean lie naked and wide,
And the vessels are hung on the verge of the waves,
And the mariners shrink from their fathomless graves.

And they lift up their voice to the God of the deep,
And calmness comes down on the ocean like sleep ;
And the sails, like a dream that rejoices the breast,
Glide away to the haven of safety and rest.

O that mortals would praise the omnipotent God,
For his wonderful works that are scattered abroad !
O that mortals would bless the beneficent Lord,
For the help that in danger his mercies afford !

ABSALOM.

(2 SAMUEL, xviii. 33.)

O ABSALOM !—my son !—my son !
Would God that I had died for thee !
And left thee here thy race to run,
In glory and prosperity ;
For heavenly grace might yet have shed
Its dews upon thy wretched head.

O Absalom !—my son !—my son !
Would God that I had died for thee !
For thy rebellious heart hath done
A deed of dark iniquity ;
And fancy shudders at the doom
Which thou mayst meet beyond the tomb.

EARLY PIETY.

O Absalom !—my son !—my son !
Would God that I had died for thee !
For when I marked thy life begun,
Thou wast a child of purity,
That blest my heart, and sung thy hymn
Beside me like the seraphim.

O Absalom !—my son !—my son !
Would God that I had died for thee !
For had thy heart been taught to shun
The lures of earthly vanity,
Thou shouldst have sat, when I was gone,
On Israel's Heaven-protected throne.

EARLY PIETY.

(ECCLESIASTES, xii.)

O MAN ! while youthful vigour warms
Thy life-stream on its bounding road,
While hope delights, and pleasure charms,
Remember thy Creator, God ;
While sun, and moon, and stars, abroad
The blessings of their light impart,
And rain-showers nourish from the clod
The fruits for thy rejoicing heart :

Before the evil days draw near,
In which no pleasure shines for thee ;
When nerveless hands decayed and sear,
Become like helpless infancy ;

When faded eyes no longer see
Through age's twilight shadows dim ;
And quivering lips, at length, shall be
Unfit to chant their wonted hymn :

Before thy bent and palsied head
Bloom like the almond in the grove ;
When trembling limbs, that wont to tread
The paths of joy, refuse to move ;
When each desire—ambition, love—
Is quenched like an extinguished flame ;
And even the grasshopper shall prove
A burden on thy feeble frame :

Before the silver cords depart,
That bind thee to this world below ;
When the dried cistern of the heart
Is broken, never more to flow ;
When through the streets the mourners go
To weep o'er man's sepulchral sod ;
And to its state of bliss or woe
The parted soul returns to God.

THE OVERTHROW OF OG.

(NUMBERS, xxi. 33, 34, 35.)

THE giant Og, the Bashanite,
Around him drew his warrior-band,
In heathen confidence to smite
The Hebrews as they passed his land.

In vain he drew his battle sword,
He bent his battle bow in vain ;
For Israel, mighty in the Lord,
Who led them through the opened main,
Stood like the sea-rocks deep and dark,
That wreck the tempest-winged bark !

" Fear not !" the God of Israel cried
Unto the race beloved of Heaven—
" Fear not the crimson battle-tide,
Now on you like a torrent driven ;
For I shall give into your hand
The heathen king, the heathen host,
The heathen city, heathen land,
Where like the sands on ocean's coast,
Where like the stars in midnight skies,
Your numerous offspring yet shall rise !"

The words of God were in their ears,
The power of God was in their hands,
When Israel raised the pointed spears,
When Israel drew the whetted brands ;
And as the stalks of ripened grain
Before the harvest reapers fall,
The Bashanites along the plain
Sunk thousands upon thousands—all
The giant warriors lay around,
Like scattered sheaves, upon the ground.

The Hebrews burst the gated walls,
They swept the howling streets amain ;
In vain the maid for mercy calls,
The mother begs her life in vain ;

The babes were dashed upon the ground,
The aged under foot were trod ;
Till not one breathing soul was found
To worship Bashan's idol god ;
And Israel, by the Lord's command,
Possessed the heathen's promised land.

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

(GENESIS, XXXV. 19.)

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping ;
With mouldering heart and withering hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing ;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading ;
But Rachel, on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling ;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her ;
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

Thus round and round the seasons go,
But joy or grief no more betide her ;
For Rachel's bosom could not know
Though friends were housed in death beside her.

Yet time shall come, as prophets say,
Whose dreams with glorious things are blended,
When seasons on their changeful way
Shall wend not as they long have wended.

Yes, time shall come, when flowers that bloom
Shall meet no storm their bloom to wither—
When friends, rejoicing from the tomb,
Have gone to heavenly climes together.

ELIJAH IN HOREB.

(1 KINGS, xix. 9-16.)

FROM JEZEBEL'S PURSUING WRATH,
THE HEATHEN QUEEN WHO SOUGHT HIS DEATH,
ELIJAH MADE HIS LONE ABODE
IN HOREB'S HILL—THE MOUNT OF GOD.

And there, within his desert cave
Of grief and gloom, a living grave,
The prophet heaved his lonely sigh,
And prayed, with fervent heart, to die.

The Lord passed by—a strong wind blew,
The mountains shook like drops of dew ;
And, like the hoar-frost on the ground,
The shattered rocks lay strewed around.

The wind was stilled—an earthquake came,
Like ague through creation's frame ;
And even the firm established earth
Trembled like child of human birth.

The earthquake passed—a fire of dread
The glowing firmament o'erspread,
As when the Lord to guilty souls
Speaks, and the rattling thunder rolls.

But in the wind that rent the rock,
Or in the earthquake's fearful shock,
Or in the radiant fire that shot
Athwart the sky, the Lord was not.

And then there came a still small voice,
That made the prophet's heart rejoice ;
A still small voice, with soothing words
Of hope and peace—it was the Lord's.

Elijah left his lone abode,
Confiding in his guardian-God,
And journeyed on to Syria's land,
To execute the Lord's command.

MORNING IN JUDEA.

(PSALM xcii. 2.)

THE sun is up—from Carmel's woody brow
 His orient radiance rushes like a flood—
 A generous stream, by whose fresh influence grow
 The flowers that blossom and the trees that bud ;
 The moon, that rose at eve, as if the blood
 Of life was in her veins, turns pale as clay
 From which the soul hath fled ; the stars, that stud
 The midnight sky by thousands, glide away
 Like foam-blown bells that burst within the ocean's bay.

The night—even like a fierce despotic king,
 That wraps the nation in a fearful shade,
 Dark as the darkness which the death-glooms fling
 Around the sepulchre where bones are laid ;
 The night departs—as when, with power arrayed,
 Some generous monarch from his throne has hurled
 The gloomy tyrant humbled and dismayed ;
 For now the gates of morning are unfurled,
 And light, and loveliness, and joy, possess the world.

The dew-bent lilies, by the breezes kissed,
 Awake in beauty on their grassy beds,
 Like lovely infants from the mother's breast,
 That joys to pillow their protected heads ;
 On Zion's holy hill the green grape sheds
 Its sweet perfume, the fig-tree is in blow ;
 On fertile Lebanon the corn-field spreads
 Its store, and to the winds that o'er it go
 Heaves, as the billows heave, with undulating flow.

On Gilead's pastures green the bleating flocks
 Disport, in Jordan's stream the fishes play ;
 The snow-white goats are gambolling on the rocks,
 The insects dancing in the sunny ray ;
 The humming bees, upon their early way,
 Are wandering happily from flower to flower ;
 And all unseen, where twilight-shadows gray
 Are lingering still, the wild birds, in the bower,
 Pour out their choral song unto the matin hour.

And man comes from his dwelling forth—afar
 He casts his eyes o'er all the happy sight,
 And lifts his heart to him whose mercies are
 Each morning new, whose faithfulness each night ;
 To him who sends the sun in all his might
 To bid the forests bud, the flowerets bloom ;
 Who fills the lower creatures with delight,
 Who sweeps the shadows from the heart of gloom,
 And feeds the aspiring soul with hopes beyond the tomb.

THE EXEMPLARY WIFE.

(PROVERBS, xxxi. 10-31.)

O BLEST is he whose arms infold
 A consort virtuous as fair !
 Her price is far above the gold
 That worldly spirits love to share.
 On her, as on a beauteous isle,
 Amid life's dark and stormy sea,
 In all his trouble, all his toil,
 He rests with deep security.

Even in the night-watch dark and lone
The distaff fills her busy hand ;
Her husband in the gates is known
Among the elders of the land ;
Her household all delight to share ;
The food and raiment she bestows—
Even she who with a parent's care
Regards their weakness and their woes.

Her pitying hand supplies the poor,
The widowed one, the orphan child,
Like birds assembled round her door,
When sweeps the winter-tempest wild.
Her lips with love and wisdom fraught,
Drop, like the honey-comb, their sweets ;
The young are by her dictates taught,
The mourner her condolence meets.

Her lovely babes around her rise—
Fair scions of a holy stem !—
And deeply shall her bosom prize
The blessings she receives from them.
Beauty is vain—the summer bloom
To which a transient fate is given ;
But her's awaits a lasting doom
In the eternal bowers of heaven.

DREAMS OF THE PAST.

(ISAIAH, xxix. 8. First two clauses.)

IN the watches of night, when the blessings of slumber
 On the eyes of the weary have fallen like dew,
 My spirit, relieved from its care and its cumber,
 Returns to the joys that its infancy knew :
 I hear the sweet words of my father and mother,
 I sport on the plain with my sister and brother,
 I feel that the love which we bear for each other
 Is an union of bliss that will ever be true.

I joy in my hopes, like the sun of the morning,
 That over the vale throws his cherishing beam ;
 I joy in my pleasures, like wild flowers adorning
 The sweet-breathing bank of the palm-shaded stream.
 I feel that each trouble, each toil, and each sorrow,
 Shall pass like the night-dew, the cloud of the morrow,
 I feel that I wander a pilgrimage thorough
 That will prove all delight like a young lover's dream.

O blest are the visions in which we recover
 The joy to our youth and our infancy given,
 When the sunshine no shadow of darkness comes over,
 No arrow of pain to the bosom is driven !
 But at morning I wake from the dreams I had cherished,
 And, alas ! from the land of existence have perished
 The brethren that loved me, the parents that nourished—
 And I weep, and I long to be with them in heaven.

“BLESS THE LORD.”

(PSALM ciii.)

BLESS the Lord, O my soul ! O my soul, bless the
Lord !

The merciful God, who alone is adored ;
The bountiful God, who each blessing bestows,
Who forgiveth thy sins, who relieveth thy woes ;
Who redeemeth thy life from the shadow of death,
Who with mercy and love ever gladdens thy path,
Who rejoices thy heart with the fruits of each clime,
And renews, like the eagle's, the strength of thy prime.

The Lord executeth his judgments aright,¹
And the poor and oppress'd are relieved by his
might ;

His judgments which he unto Moses revealed,
And the tribes over whom he extended his shield.
The Lord—the Creator of all things below—
In mercy is plenteous, to anger is slow ;
For his wrath, like the thunder-cloud, passes away,
And the sinner shall live to repent if he may.

As the earth is encircled by heaven above,
So the holy and just are embraced by his love ;
And as far as the east is apart from the west,
So its guilt is removed from the heart that transgress'd :
As a fond father pities a child that is dear,
So the Lord pities them that abide in his fear ;
For he knoweth the weakness and wants of our frame,
That shall quickly return to the earth whence it came.

Frail mortal ! his days are as grass of the field,
As the flowers that at morning their summer-bloom
yield,
For, when the wild tempest has ravaged the plain,
The place that once knew them shall know not again.
But the mercy of God shall, for aye and for aye,
Descend on the righteous that walk in his way—
Descend on the line of the pious and just,
Through nations that sleep yet unform'd in the dust.

The Lord in the heaven hath exalted his throne,
And his kingdom throughout all creation is known !
Ye angels of glory around him that stand,
And bend to his word, and obey his command !
Ye ministers all of celestial birth,
That his mandates convey to the ends of the earth !
Ye creatures of clay, that arose at his word !
O bless ye the mighty, the merciful Lord !

HEAVEN.

(JOB, xix. 26.)

WEEP, mourner, for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away—
For hopes that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day ;

Yet clouds of sorrow will dispart,
And brilliant skies be given :
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bowers of heaven ;
Where songs of praise are ever sung
To angel-harp, by angel-tongue.

Weep, mourner, for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep he wither'd grass
Along the whelming wave ;
Yet though thy pleasures may depart,
And darksome days be given,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven ;
Where streams of joy glide ever on
Around the Lord's eternal throne.

FRIENDSHIP.

(PROVERBS, xvii. 17.)

O SAY, without a kindred mind
To share our wo, to share our bliss,
What were the doom of human-kind ?
What were a weary world like this ?
What were the hopes that could endear
The life that God hath given us here ?

The heart that joys in solitude
Is like the star that shines alone,
When evening's gathering shades obtrude
On day-beams hastening to be gone,
And night, upon her lonesome path,
Comes onward like the gloom of death.

The heart that weeps in lonely wo,
Is like a floweret in the wild,
Where no refreshing breezes blow,
Where falls no twilight tear-drop mild,
Where fearful tempests rise around,
To sweep it from the barren ground.

But, oh, 'tis sweet to feel the tear
Of pity on our sorrows fall !
And, oh, 'tis sweet, with bosoms dear,
To share our human comforts all !
And, oh, 'tis sweet to joy or grieve
With those who never will deceive !

'Tis sweet with them, in youthful prime,
The song of earthly joy to raise ;
And sweet with them, in after time,
In age's dark unlovely days,
To warble forth the holy strains
That shall be sung on heavenly plains.

O say, without a kindred mind
To share our bliss, to share our wo,
Where could the soul a refuge find ?
Where could the heart a comfort know ?
Where could the spirit wish to rest
But in the grave's forgetful breast ?

ISAAC AND REBEKAH.

(GENESIS, xxiv. 63-67.)

It was the solemn hour of eve,
 When twilight shades were gathering o'er him,
 That Isaac wandered forth to grieve
 The recent loss of her that bore him ;
 And when that tender friend is gone,
 The heart conceives it hath no other ;
 And all the joys that life has known,
 Seem parted with a parted mother.

But while to him the path of life
 Looked darksome through the tears of sorrow,
 Rebekah came—his promised wife—
 To bid him dream of joy to-morrow ;
 And if there be a human art
 Unknown to sister, friend, or brother,
 It is a wife's to wean the heart
 From sorrowing o'er a parted mother.

It is a wife's with radiant eye
 To light a husband's path of sadness,
 As twilight stars steal on the sky
 To fill the darkening vales with gladness ;
 It is a wife's to soothe the breast,
 (The breast that loves her—loves no other,)
 With earnest of that holy rest,
 When he shall join a parted mother.

EVENING IN JUDEA.

(PSALM xcii. 2.)

THE sun is set—and yet his light
Is lingering in the crimson sky,
Like memory, beautiful and bright,
Of holy men that die.

O'er Tabor's hill, o'er Baca's dale,
The shades of evening softly creep—
Softly as mother draws the veil
To wrap her infant's sleep.

The dews fall gently on the flower,
Their freshening influence to impart—
As pity's tears of soothing power,
Revive the drooping heart.

The twilight star from Hermon's peak,
Comes mildly o'er the glistening earth ;
And weary hirelings joy to seek
Their dear domestic hearth.

Who sends the sun to ocean's bed ?
Who brings the nightshade from the west ?
Who bids the balmy dews be shed ?
Who gives the weary rest ?

Even he who, at the season due,
Sends forth the sun's returning light ;
Whose mercies every morn are new,
Whose faithfulness each night.

Go, with his praises in your hearts,
Ye mortal's, to your night's repose—
For all the comforts he imparts,
The blessings he bestows !

Go to your rest, ye things of clay !
Prepared your spirits to resign ;
Ye know not if another day
For you may ever shine.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

(DANIEL, iv. 29-37.)

THE monarch of Babylon strode through his hall,
And his bosom with impious joy was o'erflowing,
As he looked on his mighty possessions—on all
The splendours that round him their radiance were
throwing.

“ Is this not”—he cried in the pride of his heart—
“ The city I built for my honour and glory ?
The city from earth that shall never depart—
That shall ever be bright with the light of my
story ?”—

While the words of ambition were yet on his tongue,
Like swift-shooting bolt from the thunder-cloud
darted,
A voice fell from heaven—“ The sceptre is wrung,
Vain King ! from thy hand, and thy glory departed.

“ And thou shalt be driven from the presence of men,
And browse upon grass like the oxen before thee,
And thou shalt be lodged with the beast in his den—
Till seven long years of affliction pass o’er thee.

“ Till thou shalt acknowledge who reigneth in heaven,
Who rules as he wills in this lower creation—
Till thou shalt confess who thy kingdom hath given,
Who humbles thee now from the throne of thy
nation.”—

That hour from the presence of men he was driven,
And he browsed upon grass like the oxen before
him ;
And his body was wet with the dew-drops of heaven,
And the storm of the wild in its fury blew o’er him.

His heart by no human endearment was stirred ;
His howlings went forth where the forest-gloom
gathers ;
Till the nails of his hands grew like claws of a bird,
And the hairs of his head like the wild eagle’s
feathers.

When seven long years of affliction had passed,
He returned—all renewed—to the throne of his
nation ;
And he bowed him in trembling submission, at last,
To the Monarch of monarchs—the Lord of creation.

CHARITY.

(ECCLESIASTES, xi.)

O THOU on whom the Lord bestows
 The treasures of this world below !
 Bethink thee, 'mid thy calm repose,
 Of widowed ones in want and wo ;
 Of orphan babes for whom shall flow
 No more the stream that once hath flowed—
 O let their hearts thy bounties know,
 And trust thy recompence to God !

The sky-cloud drops its treasured shower,
 To fertilize the barren land ;
 The fruit-tree, in the autumn bower,
 Resigns its store at Heaven's command :
 So let thy charitable hand
 Be opened by the needy's prayer—
 Thou know'st not, 'mid thy visions bland,
 What evils thine own heart may share.

He that awaits the favouring gale,
 Shall put not forth his hand to sow ;
 Who dreads the threatening clouds that sail,
 Shall reap not what his corn-fields grow :
 He that deferreth to bestow,
 Till heap is treasured upon heap ;
 Shall leave the naked in their wo,
 Shall leave the hungry still to weep :

Thou knowest not, short-sighted man !
How bones of unborn infants grow ;
Thou knowest not the Almighty's plan,
Who doth the living soul bestow ;
Thou knowest not, though thou may'st sow,
If thine own harvest hands shall reap ;
Thou knowest not what winds may blow,
And from thee thy possessions sweep.

Sweet is the radiant light of heaven
To souls that are at ease like thine ;
But o'er thy path shall yet be driven
The storms in which thou shalt decline ;
In which thou shalt thy breath resign,
And be again a senseless clod—
O aid thy brother men that pine,
And trust thy recompence to God !

BIRTH-DAY OF JOB.

(JOB, iii. 3-18.)

O LET the day when I was born
For ever perish from the earth !
And let it be like night forlorn,
And let it hear, at eve or morn,
No song of choral mirth :

And let the eye of God disdain
To look upon it from on high ;
And let a cloud of darkness stain,
And let a shade from death's domain,
Upon it ever lie :

And let its twilight stars in vain
 Look for the expected dawning near ;
And let its solitary reign
Of hopeless grief and writhing pain
 Be blotted from the year :

Because it hid not from my sight
 The mis'ries of man's mortal doom ;
Because it threw its faithless light
Around me, like an evening bright
 That shuts in starless gloom.

Why died I not as infants die
 Whose lips no murmur ever gave ?
Why did a mother hush my cry ?
Why did her breast the food supply
 That kept me from the grave ?

For now I should have lain at peace
 Within my bed of dreamless sleep—
Where wicked ones from troubling cease,
The weary spirits find release,
 The sad no longer weep.

THE DRUNKARD.

(PROVERBS, xxiii 29-35.)

Who hath brawlings ? who hath sorrows ?
 Who hath deep remorse of soul ?
He that frenzied pleasure borrows
 From the intoxicating bowl :

Though a moment's joy it bring him,
It shall be delusive joy ;
It shall like an adder sting him,
Like a serpent shall destroy.

It shall rouse unhallowed passions
To a fierce devouring flame ;
It shall lead him to transgressions,
Stain him with eternal shame.
He shall be like one who lays him
In the bosom of the deep ;
One whose drowsy heart betrays him
On the giddy mast with sleep.

He shall wake from dreams of gladness,
Dreams as false as they are fair,
With a burning heart of madness,
That its anguish cannot bear :
He shall rush in terror from it,
Like a moth into the fire,
Like a dog unto its vomit,
Like a swine into the mire.

Till his worldly wealth shall fly him,
Like a bird upon the wing ;
Till his nearest kin deny him,
As a vile and noxious thing ;
Till his shivering body pineth
To a gaunt and ghastly shade ;
Till his wretched head reclineth
Where unhallowed bones are laid.

LIBERALITY AND AVARICE.

(PROVERBS, xi. 23-31.)

It is the righteous man's desire
 To aid his brother mortal's pleasure ;
 But wicked ones, like wasteful fire,
 Delight to spoil their neighbour's treasure.

The generous heart, like rain-cloud, drops
 Its store—and, while it gives, increases ;
 The miser wretch who rests his hopes
 On wealth—even while he holds, it ceases.

The liberal soul shall be supplied,
 Like fountain that is ever pouring ;
 For, while its waters send their tide
 Afar, its own sweet banks are flowering.

He that withholds the treasured grain,
 Meets due reward—the poor shall curse him ;
 But blessings shall the generous gain—
 His own applauding thoughts shall nurse him.

He that rejoices to do good,
 Favour, like dew, his heart shall cherish ;
 But he that mischief hath pursued,
 In his own wickedness shall perish.

He that reposes on his gold,
 Consigns his heart to toil and trouble ;
 To visions—beauteous to behold—
 That leave him like a bursting bubble.

But he, the man of charity,
Has fair and faithful hopes to nourish ;
Even hopes that, like a fruitful tree,
Shall in the cloudless sunshine flourish.

Yes, even while on this tearful earth,
The just can heavenly comfort borrow ;
But sinners, 'mid their impious mirth,
Shall find their recompence of sorrow.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

(2 SAMUEL, xix. 37.)

THE pastoral vale that gave us birth,
Where all our infant joys were given,
Appears the loveliest spot on earth,
The holiest place of all but heaven ;
But all in vain its streamlets flow,
And all in vain its wild-flowers wave,
When anguished hearts are doomed to know
That it contains a mother's grave.

Ah ! *mother* is a word endeared
To all that bear the human name ;
And blest are those that can be heard
When they in gladness breathe the same ;
But wo to us no more that hear
The answer that we fondly crave,
When lone and lorn we shed the tear
Of sorrow o'er a mother's grave.

A mother's grave, amid the earth,
Arrayed in flowers of summer dye,
Is like the noon-cloud that comes forth
To darken all the radiant sky ;
For all the joys that life possest,
Our drooping hearts to soothe and save,
Seem buried with the tender breast
That moulders in a mother's grave.

In vain we ply our wonted toil,
While turtles breathe above our head,
While woods rejoice, and mountains smile—
Our thoughts are ever with the dead :
And when we to our dwelling come,
We miss the lips that welcome gave ;
Alas ! how dreary is the home
Whose inmates mourn a mother's grave !

In vain we leave the blasted scene,
And wander on a foreign shore ;
No change of place the heart can wean
From days of joy that shine no more :
We long to quit the mental strife,
The struggle that subdues the brave,
And, dreaming of an after life,
To lay us by a mother's grave.

THE SINNER.

(JOB, xx. 22.)

Oh, think not, thou sinner, to fly from the wrath
 Of him who has given thee thy being and breath !
 Could'st thou bury thy guilt by the green ocean waves,
 Where leviathan dwells in his fathomless caves ;
 Could'st thou speed thee away on the wings of the morn,
 To the verge of creation, unknown and forlorn ;
 Could'st thou rush into chaos where sun's never glow'd—
 Thou would'st not escape from the vengeance of God.

Oh, think not, thou sinner, to fly from the wrath
 Of him who can break up the barriers of death !
 For though thou should'st couch on the bed of the tomb,
 To sleep in forgetfulness, silence, and gloom,
 Till ages on ages had passed from the earth,
 And the living should know not thou ever hadst birth,
 Yet thou shalt be called from thy pillow, the clod,
 To the fearful, the final tribunal of God.*

NEHEMIAH TO ARTAXERXES.

(NEHEMIAH, ii. 3-5.)

'Tis sorrow, O King ! of the heart,
 Not anguish of body or limb,
 That causes the hue from my cheek to depart,
 And mine eye to grow rayless and dim.

* Written for Mr Pettet.

'Tis the memory of Salem afar,
Of Salem, the city of God,
In darkness now wrapt, like the moon and the star
When the tempests of night are abroad.

The walls of the city are razed,
The gates of the city are burned ;
And the temple of God, where my fathers have praised,
To the ashes of ruin is turned.

The palace of kings is consumed,
Where the timbrels were wont to resound ;
And these pulchre domes, like the bones they entombed,
Are mouldering away in the ground.

And the fugitive remnant, that breathe
In the land that their fathers have trod,
Sit in sorrow and gloom, for a shadow like death
O'erhangs every wretched abode.

I have wept, I have fasted, and prayed
To the great and the terrible God,
For this city of mine that in ruin is laid,
And my brethren who smart by his rod.

And now I beseech thee, O King !
If favour I find in thy sight,
That I may revisit my home, where the wing
Of destruction is spread like the night.

And when I to Shushan return,
From rebuilding my forefather's tomb,
No more shall the heart of thy cup-bearer burn
With those sorrows that melt and consume.

THE HOLY MAN.

(PSALM xci. 11, &c.)

How happy is the holy man
To walk abroad at summer's dawn !—
When comes the sun, in regal state,
Like bridegroom, from the eastern gate,
To brighten Zion's temple-towers,
And cherish Hermon's dewy flowers—
He pauses on his lonely road,
To lift his grateful heart to God.

How happy is the holy man
To see the shades of evening drawn !
When o'er him falls the rest of peace
Like dews into a woolly fleece ;
When angels keep their stated guard,
By Heaven's command, o'er Heaven's own ward ;
And no dark fiend dare come abroad
To take him from the arms of God.

How happy is the holy man
To see the veil of time withdrawn !
To look across the gloom of death
Where shines the heavenly star of faith ;
To stand upon that giddy brink
Where sinners 'mid their terrors shrink ;
To shake away this mortal clod,
And spring on high to meet his God !

ELEGY OF JONATHAN.

(2 SAMUEL, i. 25.)

AND Jonathan's gone to the land of the sleeper,
 That land where he'll hear not the voice of the weeper.
 That land where his bosom shall quietly slumber
 For seasons, perhaps, that no mortal can number.

The wife of his love shall lament o'er his story
 And weep that he fell at the noon of his glory,
 And shrink from the clouds round his household that
 gather,
 For a stranger shall sit on the throne of his father.

The trumpet of war shall to battle be sounding,
 The maidens be wailing, the chargers be bounding ;
 But sorrow or fame can no longer restore him
 Than the tempests that howl or the dews that weep
 o'er him.

The trophies of war shall be winning and losing,
 The roses of beauty be opening and closing ;
 But still he will sleep his dark canopy under,
 Till the earth pass away with a noise like the thunder.

"THEY DIED."

(PSALM lxxxix. 48.)

Go read of all that yet have trod
 The paths that mortal creatures roam—
 The monarch from his high abode,
 The herdsman from his tented home ;

The seer that future times could hail,
 The bard that o'er the harp-strings sighed—
 Go read thou of their closing tale,
 And it shall be—they died.

Go read of Moses, he who freed
 The Hebrews from the Egyptian yoke,
 And led them long, as Heaven decreed,
 In Sinai's desert like a flock ;
 He who received the tablet-stone
 Writ by his God, his heavenly guide—
 Go read thou of his acts each one,
 And learn at last—he died.

Go read of Deborah, who sung
 The triumph-song o'er Jabin's fall ;
 Of her who taught the Hebrew tongue
 Upon the God of gods to call ;
 Of her who judged with righteousness,
 By heavenly wisdom eagle-eyed—
 Go read of that high prophetess,
 And learn at last—she died.

Go look on all that now exist
 In manhood's prime, in beauty's bloom,
 The mournful heart, the bosom blest—
 They all are destined to the tomb :
 Go think on all that yet shall sail
 The waves of Time's tumultuous tide—
 Their hearts and flesh shall faint and fail,
 And tongues shall say—“ They died.”

THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

(1 KINGS, xviii. 21-41.)

"Ye prophets of Baal! let an offering be laid
On the altar which you to your idol have made;
Let an offering be laid on the altar I rear
To the Lord that I worship, the Lord that I fear:
Pray ye to your god, while to my God I pray,
For the fire of his power to consume it away,
And let him—the Omnipotent—who hath bestowed
The boon we request, be acknowledged as God."

When Elijah had spoken, an offering was laid
On the altar which they to their idol had made;
And the prophets of Baal to devotion were given
From the morn till the noon, from the noon till the even;
But the voice of their prayer passed like winds of the
sky
That blow o'er the desert and bring no reply;
And they smote them with lancets, and leapt in despair,
But the god of their worship was deaf to their prayer.

"Ye prophets of Baal! cry aloud, cry aloud,
Perhaps he is wrapt in his thoughts like a cloud;
Cry aloud, cry aloud, with your voices of wo,
Perhaps he is now in pursuit of his foe;
Cry aloud, cry aloud, like a trumpet of war,
Perhaps he is gone on some journey afar;
Cry aloud, cry aloud, in your agony deep,
Perhaps he is laid on his pillow of sleep."

When Elijah had spoken, an altar was reared
To the Lord that he worshipped, the Lord that he
feared,
And he bowed him in prayer, and the fire was bestow'd,
And the God of his sires was acknowledged as God.
And the prophets of Baal, who had offered in vain,
Were led to the banks of the Kishon, and slain ;
For the god of their worship appeared not to save
The blood of the heathen that crimsoned the wave.

PRAYER OF AGUR.

(PROVERBS, XXX. 4-10.)

O THOU who to the heaven ascendest,
Yea, and descendest all unseen !
Thou who the winter storm commandest,
And bid'st the ocean be serene !
Who fixed'st, at creation's birth,
The firm foundations of the earth !

O thou whose every word is pure !
O thou whose every law is just !
Who art a rock that will endure
To holy hearts that on thee trust !
My God ! regard my suppliant cry,
And grant my prayer before I die :—

" Withdraw my heart from vanity,
 Protect my lips from every lie ;
 And let my earthly fortune be
 Nor vilely low nor proudly high ;
 But grant me food, as parent grants,
 Who knows his children's daily wants :

" Lest I be rich, and so forget
 Thy providence and power divine ;
 Or poor, and covetously set
 Mine eyes on things that are not mine ;
 And thus forsake the righteous road
 That leads to glory and to God."

JUDAH TO JOSEPH.

(GENESIS, xliv. 18-34.)

O THINK, my Lord ! I pray thee, think
 Upon thy servant's hoary father,
 Now tottering on the grave's dark brink
 'Mid clouds of age that round him gather ;
 For Benjamin, his youngest son,
 Whom thou art in thy power detaining,
 Of two is now the only one
 Of a beloved wife remaining.

My father's life, now waning fast,
 Is bound up in the lad's before thee—
 Oh ! by the gracious God who cast
 The robe of earthly grandeur o'er thee—

And by the sire whose pious prayers
Arose for thee at eve and morrow—
O spare my father's few grey hairs,
Nor send them to the grave with sorrow.

And, O retain, my Lord ! retain
Thy servant Judah for his brother ;
Let Benjamin his home regain—
Sole relic of his buried mother ;
For rather would I bondman live,
Yea, die a bondman would I, rather
Than go without the lad, and give
The death-blow to my aged father.

YOUTH AND AGE.

(JOB, vii. 16.)

O YOUTH is like the spring-tide morn,
When roses bloom on Jordan's strand,
And far the turtle's voice is borne
Through all Judea's echoing land !
When the delighted wanderer roves
Through cedar woods and olive groves,
That spread their blossoms to the day ;
And climbs the hill, and fords the stream,
And basks him in the noon-tide beam,
And cries, 'mid his delicious dream,
" Oh, I would live away !"

But age is like the winter's night,
When Hermon wears his mantle-cloud,
When moon and stars withdraw their light,
And Hinnom's blast is long and loud ;
When the dejected pilgrim strays
Along the desert's trackless maze,
Forsaken by each friendly ray ;
And feels no vigour in his limb,
And finds no home on earth for him,
And cries, amid the shadows dim,
" I would not live away !"

O youth is firmly bound to earth,
Where hope-beams on each mountain glance ;
His bosom-chords are tuned to mirth,
Like harp-strings in the cheerful dance :
But age has felt those ties unbound
Which fixed him to that spot of ground
Where all his household comforts lay ;
He feels his freezing heart grow cold,
He thinks of kindred in the mould,
And cries, amid his griefs untold,
" I would not live away !"

THE GRAVE.

(Job, iii. 17, 18, 19.)

As clouds descend upon the earth,
As rivers seek the ocean-wave,
The breathing things of mortal birth
Walk onward to the grave.

The grave ! it is a peaceful bed :
There tears of anguish never start,
No dream distracts the mouldering head,
No pang the withering heart.

There sleeps the lovely infant-bud,
More still than on its mother's breast ;
There trouble not the men of blood,
And there the weary rest.

There fades the bloom on beauty's cheek,
That could the admiring heart engage ;
And there the limbs, decayed and weak,
Feel not the load of age.

The mighty men there lose their power ;
No more the tyrant's doom is spoke ;
The hireling hath no toilsome hour ;
The prisoner's bonds are broke.

There rest, in mute unconsciousness,
The friends divided not by death ;
And foes on foes together press,
Forgetful of their wrath.

The monarch throws his crown aside,
The slave his burden flings away ;
The humble heart and heart of pride
Are levelled in the clay.

As dew-drops are exhaled from earth,
As vapours leave the ocean-wave,
The breathless things of mortal birth
Shall rise yet from the grave.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

(1 SAMUEL, xxviii.)

WHEN the Philistines came in their chariots of war
 To the city of Shunem in brave Issachar,
 Fear seized on the heart of the renegade Saul,
 For the Lord answered not to his suppliant call;
 And the monarch of Israel, in dread and dismay,
 Threw the splendours aside of his regal array,
 And through the dark night-shade pursued his lone
 road

To the city of Endor—the witch's abode.
 "Divine unto me," cries the terrified king,
 "And bring him before me I ask thee to bring."
 "And whom shall I bring thee?"—the witch one re-
 plies.
 "Even Samuel the prophet, the holy and wise."
 "Behold then he comes from his bed in the clay,
 The mantled old man with his tresses of grey!"—
 Saul saw him ascend from the earth like a cloud,
 And with reverence before the mute spectre he bowed.

"Why call'st thou me up from the slumber of death,
 O Saul! in this season of terror and wrath?"—
 The Philistine army, O Samuel! come on
 To slaughter my people and pull down my throne;
 And God hath consigned my dark soul to despair,
 For he answers no more to the words of my prayer;
 And thus I have called thee from grave-bed repose,
 To strengthen my spirit, to conquer my foes."

“Why call'st thou me up from the sleep of the tomb,
O monarch! when Heaven has determined thy doom,
For thou didst obey not the voice of the Lord,
And he giveth thine host to the Philistine sword :
To-morrow the widows of Israel shall moan,
And David thy rival shall sit on thy throne ;
To-morrow thyself and thy Jonathan brave
Shall both be with me, fallen king, in the grave.”

The words of the Sprite—like a thunder-bolt driven
From the firmament dark in the anger of Heaven—
Struck the monarch's dark bosom of fear and remorse,
And his giant frame sunk to the earth like a corse :
They raised the lost king from his recreant fall,
And spread out the board for the famishing Saul ;
And with fear in his heart and despair in his eye,
He went on his way to the battle—to die.

THE STORM.

(ISAIAH, xliii. 2.)

HERE on this lofty rock I stand,
Beneath a branching cedar spread
Around me, like a parent's hand,
To shelter my defenceless head ;
And while the elements, at war,
Strive through the universe abroad,
From cloud to cloud, from star to star,
Like warriors in serial car,
There comes to me from realms afar,
The awful voice of God.

I stand unshrinking, though the wing
Of fateful lightning round me speeds,
Like arrow from the bounding string,
By which the valiant warrior bleeds :
I stand undaunted, though the peal
Of thunders through the welkin raves,
And mortals quake, and cities reel,
And vultures round the tempest wheel
Into their woods, and tigers steal
Into their inmost caves.

I may not find a shelter—could
I fly into the wilderness,
Like dove that leaves its native wood,
When falcon crowds around it press ;
Nay, could I like an eagle soar
Beyond the rolling clouds of even—
Nay, could I seek the distant shore
Of other worlds beyond the roar
Of earthly seas, I were no more
Secure from angry Heaven.

I stand unshrinking, though the wild
And lawless winds seem mute with fear,
And ocean, like a timorous child,
Has crouched beneath the tempest drear :
I stand undaunted, and repose
Upon the God of life and death ;
For my appointed hour he knows,
And it may come when sunshine glows,
As well as when the thunder throws
Destruction round his path.

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

(2 SAMUEL, xix. 34 to 39.)

How long, my king, have I to be
 A pilgrim in this vale of tears,
 That I should go to dwell with thee,
 Thus burdened down with fourscore years?
 Mine eyes are dark—I cannot gaze
 Upon the dance's circling maze;
 Mine ears are deaf—I cannot hear
 The song to youthful spirits dear.

But lo thy servant Chimham! lo
 The strength of youth is in each limb,
 The pulse of youth is in its flow,
 The hopes of youth are bright to him!
 And take thy servant Chimham—take,
 For his old faithful father's sake,
 And do—as thou would'st unto me—
 To him what seemeth good to thee.

But let thy servant Barzillai
 Return unto his home once more;
 In mine own city let me die,
 Where mine own people shall deplore.
 There, like a shock of ripened corn,
 That from the harvest field is borne—
 There let me, like a worn-out wave,
 Repose me by my parents' grave.

THE LORD ON MOUNT SINAI.

(EXODUS, xix. and xx.)

FROM Sinai's top the lightnings flashed ;
 The thunders rolled around—around—
 As if the heavenly orbs had clashed
 Together with destructive bound,
 And down their shattered fragments hurled
 Upon a desolated world.

And on the mount there hung a cloud,
 Dark as the midnight's darkest gloom ;
 And blew a trumpet long and loud,
 Like that which shall awake the tomb ;
 And terror, like a sudden frost,
 Fell on the Israelitish host.

In radiant fire, the mighty God
 Descended from his heavenly throne ;
 And on the mountain where he trod,
 A pavement, as of sapphire-stone,
 Appeared like glittering stars of even,
 When storms have left the deep blue heaven.

And as the wondering people turned
 To see the glory of the Lord,
 The smoke—as if a furnace burned
 Within the mountain—swelled and soared,
 And all its lofty summits shook
 Like sedge leaves by a summer brook.

And Moses from the trembling crowd
 Went up to God's dark secret place,
 And heard, from the surrounding cloud,
 His message to the Hebrew race,
 Who vowed, with fervour and accord,
 To keep the covenant of the Lord.

For they had marked the trump that blew,
 The fires thas gleamed, the peals that roared—
 In shadowed glory shine to view
 The presence of the eternal Lord,
 Bright as his mercy chose to give—
 For none can see his face and live.

SHADRACH, MESHACH, AND ABED-NEGO.

(DANIEL, iii.)

IN the valley of Dura an idol was reared
 By Babylon's heathenish king ;
 And he said—" Let this image be worshipped and
 feared,

When soundeth the dulcimer-string,
 When the breath of the flute and the sackbut is blown—
 By all people who rest in the shade of my throne.

" And he that shall bow not himself to the god
 Which thus I am pleased to proclaim,
 Shall be torn, like a thief, from his household abode,
 And plunged in a furnace of flame ;

And where is the God to oppose my commands,
Or deliver the victim of wrath from my hands?"

But though the Chaldeans in terror bowed down
When sounded the dulcimer-string,
When the breath of the flute and the sackbut was
blown—

Yet the Hebrews had courage to cling
To the worship they learned from their sires—to the
Lord
Whom they in the Temple of Zion adored.

Three children of Israel—three mighty in power—
Were plunged in the furnace of flame ;
But the volumes of fire issued forth to devour
The heathen accusers that came
To fetter the people of God—and to throw
Them bound to the gulf of destruction below.

And the monarch looked down—who had sworn in his
pride
That no hand from his fury could save—
And, lo ! 'mid the fire-blaze that rolled its red tide
Aloft like the wild ocean wave,
Unbound and uninjured, the Israelites trod
With a fourth, who appeared like the Angel of God.

And the Children came forth from the furnace that
burned,
And the monarch ordained a decree—
"That man shall be cut into pieces, and turned
To a dunghill his dwelling shall be,

Who slighteth the Power by the Hebrews adored—
For the Lord of their worship alone is the Lord.”

THE MAN OF THREESCORE.

(PROVERBS, xvii. 6, last clause.)

I KNOW a man whose years have reached threescore,
Whose eyes are faded and whose locks are hoar;
Whose heart the pangs of secret grief hath known—
He once had wealth, but now his wealth is gone;
Whose memory broods o'er joys that are away—
His bosom-friend is withering in the clay.

This widowed man whose years have reached three-
score,
Whose eyes are faded and whose locks are hoar,
Hath comforts yet for his bereaved mind—
Even sons and daughters dutiful and kind;
Even comforts, too, by holier hands bestowed—
His soul reposes on the word of God.

I love this man whose years have reached threescore,
Whose eyes are faded and whose locks are hoar;
And now it is the highest wish I know
To stay his coming years, to soothe his wo,
To cheer the evening shades of life that gather
Around his drooping head—he is my father.

THE DISSOLUTION OF NATURE.

(ISAIAH, xxxiv. 4, &c.)

TIME—Time that now flies as on pinions of wind,
Still leaving the past and its ruins behind,
At last shall be stopped in the speed of his flight,
Like a bird which the arrow is fated to smite.

Then, then the great sun, like a vanishing spark,
Shall rush into chaos all dreary and dark ;
And the moon, in her dimness, shall drop from her zone,
Like a fig when the breeze of the autumn hath blown :

And the stars shall be swept in a moment away,
Like the morn-dews that shine on the green leafy spray;
And the heavens that are stretched out from pole unto
pole
Shall expire in a blaze like a perishing scroll;

And a fire of destruction shall compass the earth,
From the east to the west, from the south to the north ;
And the labours of man shall to ashes be turned,
And the beauties of nature be blasted and burned ;

And a trumpet shall be blown—and the dead shall awake
From their long silent sleep that no morning could
break ;
From their long silent sleep of a million of years—
The righteous with hope, and the wicked with fears.

And their Judge shall descend on his chariot, the cloud,
And the awe shall be deep, and the wail shall be loud ;
And the race of mankind shall with justice be given
To the terrors of hell, and the glories of heaven.

CONCLUSION.

FAREWELL, sweet harp of Zion ! now farewell
The holy songs my throbbing heart that quell—
That raise my soul, in spite of all its wo,
Beyond the troubles of this world below ;—
Farewell a while—as I the hopes pursue
That shine and vanish like the morning dew,
And seek the joys that, like the flowers of even,
Are torn and scattered by the storms of heaven ;—
A short farewell—for when the fearful shade
Of disappointment on my path is laid ;
When friends have ceased to love or ceased to live,
Oh, I will court the comforts thou canst give ;—
And if prosperity, like stars of night,
Shine o'er my way with its unclouded light,
Oh let me ne'er, in mortal pride, despise
The songs that waft my fancy to the skies !

And, Oh, while thus, in elevated joy,
The harp's enrapturing chords my hand employ ;
While thus, 'mid anthems of ethereal birth,
I dream of immortality on earth ;—
Oh, let me never touch one guilty string
That pangs remorseful to my breast may bring,

When the last pulse is ebbing from my heart,
And my racked soul is struggling to depart,
Oh, let it never be my wretched fate,
In songs I sing or songs I meditate,
To blast the hopes that Christian spirits crave,
And cause the just to curse me in my grave!
But if I charm one sinful thought away,
Or cheer one pious pilgrim's darksome day,
The hearts that profit by my feeble strain,
Perhaps, shall say—"He has not sung in vain."

